

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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AN AUTUMN MORNING.

WHITE with entangled mists, the cold woods
wear
A hoary aspect; as the watery sun,
Climbing the wind-swept eastern heavens so
bare,
A chilly glare casts o'er the landscape dun.
The red-leaved bramble and red-berried brier,
Springing so plentiful on every hand,
Prank the pale banks, and, climbing high and
higher,
Trick the tall hedgerows colouring o'er the land,
Flocks hillward hie; fieldward the herd repairs;
And o'er the late-ploughed, chocolate-coloured
heights
Stray rooks low wheeling light. The chilly airs
Sigh in the hedge, as they their lost delights
Lamented; while the leaves down wavering
Seem dreaming, as they fall, of one clear spring.

Chambers' Journal.

CHURNING SONG.

KATIE.

PINK-EYED daisies, asphodel,
Clover-balls, and pimpernel,
Sweet wild flowers that check the mead
Where the milky mothers feed,
Listen, listen to our song
While the churn-rod drives along.
Fair to look at are our kine,
White as milk, or red as wine,
Black as sloes, or strawberry-pied,
Satin-skinned and gentle-eyed.
Go where'er ye will, I ween,
Better cows were never seen.

Naughty kine, why will ye roam
When our Marian calls ye home?
When ye wander past the creek
Robin has to help her seek.
Rosy-red is Marian then
Ere she brings ye home again.

MARIAN.

Little elves that all the day
Rock amid the wild flowers' spray,
Come and cluster on my arm,
Say the spell and work the charm;
Hasten! and I will not tell
Of your doings in the dell.

Oh! the melody of birds!
Oh! the lowing of the herds!
And the busy wild bee's hum!
And the muffed partridge-drum!
And the blue skies spread above!
And the breeze's tale of love!

White as milk the daisies be,
White the wood-anemone,
Red the scented clover-ball,
Red the wild-rose over all.
Rosy red and milky white,
All love's colours blend in light.

So the loving ray comes down
Golden as a monarch's crown;
So the loving light looks up
Golden from the buttercup.
King and peasant, sun and flower,
All are golden in love's hour.

Splash and sputter! Butter! Butter!
How it heard the words I utter!
Cream, like maidens, gives its treasure,
Only at love's long sought pleasure.
Katie, take it off to town,
Ralph is there to drive you down.

LIFE.

LIFE is so cheap and yet so dear
We prize it, but we scorn it too,
And plod our round from year to year
With little or to hope or do;
Each day brings fretful cares and coil,
And sorrows come, and joys depart,
And we grow old with weary toil,
Or else from listlessness of heart, —
What matters which? what matters how?
Time heedeth not our fitful moods,
But stamps its signet on our brow
In city life or solitudes;
And we grow old; yet scarcely feel
The incessant whirling of the wheel,
Nor heed the traces that declare
We are not now what once we were:
The world has worn us to its ways,
“Do this,” it says, and we obey;
There is no freedom in our praise
And little courage left to pray.

At moments with a sudden pain
We gasp and cry for youth again,
And wonder whence the joy has gone,
Which we were wont to feed upon;
When Love with Life walked hand in hand,
When 'twas a boundless bliss to dare
The mighty peaks that guard the land
Where wisdom dwells serenely fair, —
Dear Heaven! how strong and rich we were, —
For joy breeds strength, and hope gives power,
And knowledge is the young man's dower,
And youthful dreams are fair domains,
And happy thoughts are golden gains.

The dreams are gone, the rapture past,
Each year moves calmly like the last,
The sea that foamed with deaf'ning roar
Creeps laggard-like along the shore, —
We tread the footsteps of our sires
With petty aims and mean desires,
And idly act our little part

Like puppets fashioned for a show; —
Teach us, O Lord! how great Thou art,
That we our greatness, too, may know.

Spectator.

From The Edinburgh Review.

BARON HUBNER'S SIXTUS FIFTH.*

OF all the Popes who have worn the tiara few merit more attention than the remarkable figure of Sixtus V., the fiery and imperious friar-pope, best known to Englishmen from his connexion with the Spanish Armada. The story of his brief pontificate is crowded with incident and is most instructive, both when regarded as characteristic of the nature of the papal power, and as suggestive of what would have been the effect upon humanity of that spiritual empire of the world which it has failed to establish. It comprises within the brief compass of four years and four months the greatest crisis in the conflict of the Catholic and Reformed religions which then divided Europe—a period during which the papacy was still regarded as supreme arbitress among the Catholic powers of Europe, and when not only the spiritual but the temporal interests of nations were the matter of fierce and incessant conflict in the chambers of the Vatican.

The study of this eventful pontificate has frequently attracted the diligence of the historian. Three authors, who have previously to the writers whose volumes are now before us dealt with the subject, may be distinguished from the rest—Gregorio Leti, Father Tempesti, and Ranke.

Gregorio Leti enjoyed at one time much celebrity, but his history of Sixtus V., like the rest of the works of this writer, who was a deserter from the ranks of the Roman hierarchy, deserves little confidence; it is a mere compilation of loose traditions, and partakes of the nature of romance.

On the other hand, the work published in Rome in 1754 by Tempesti, a friar of the Franciscan order, like the Pope whose

life he undertook to write, and whose fame he claims for the honour of his community, was founded on the honest study of original diplomatic and state documents, which he has incorporated into his text. The history is a painstaking and solid performance in two quarto volumes; but the style of the narrative was not sufficiently attractive to attain popularity. It supplies, however, the chief substance of the work of M. Dumesnil, published last year, who has fused together the work of Tempesti and materials from other printed sources into a very readable volume.

Ranke, in his "History of the Popes in the Sixteenth Century," was the first to seize in a broad and masterly way the characteristic lineaments of Sixtus V.; and as he enjoyed the opportunity of studying original documents not to be found in Tempesti, his account of this pontificate was a new contribution to historic truth.

Baron de Hubner, the author of the first of the works with which we here deal, has, from his diplomatic position, had access to the archives of the chief capitals of Europe; he also obtained the assistance of the late Mr. Bergenroth in making copies of documents from the archives of Simancas, and has thus been enabled to give to the world a fresh mass of state-papers of the highest interest relating to Sixtus V., published as *pièces justificatives* in a supplement to his text, which is a narrative of this pontificate of extreme fairness, though from a Catholic point of view. The Baron filled the post of Austrian ambassador at the Court of France on the 1st January, 1859; and it was to him that the Emperor Napoleon III. addressed the memorable words, which announced that the Empire was about to break loose from its policy of peace, and to engage in the campaign which drove the Austrians beyond the Mincio.

Baron Hubner's narrative contains a review of the general condition of Italy and of Europe in a most troubled period, and of the difficult relations of the Papacy with the various European powers; it sets forth the consequent perplexities, variations, and inconsistencies of Papal policy, it depicts the hard-fought diplomatic conflicts which took place in the cabinet of the

* 1. *Sixte Quint.* Par M. le BARON DE HUBNER, Ancien ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris et à Rome, d'après des correspondances diplomatiques tirées des Archives d'état du Vatican, de Simancas, Venise, Paris, Vienne et Florence. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1870.

2. *Histoire de Sixte Quint, sa Vie et son Pontificat.* Par M. A. J. DUMESNIL, officier de la Légion d'honneur, membre du Conseil général du Loire. Paris: 1869.

Pope, and is diversified with antiquarian and curious studies of the state of Roman society, and of the topography of Rome during the fifteenth century; all which subjects are so judiciously and artistically handled and arranged, that the two volumes of text form very various, instructive, and agreeable reading, and are a valuable addition to sound historical literature. Far more accurate than Leti or Tempesti and less sententious than Ranke, Baron Hübner appears to us to have contributed to the literature of Europe one of the most valuable productions of an age rich in historical biography. His style is vigorous, graphic, and perspicuous; and the reader is seldom, if ever, reminded that the author is writing in a language not his own. We regret that we have not been able to avail ourselves, for the purposes of this article, of the English translation of the work, from the pen of Mr. Hugh Jerningham; but our readers will shortly have an opportunity of becoming more fully acquainted with the results of Baron Hübner's labours in an English dress.

M. de Pisany, the ambassador of Henri III., who arrived in Rome while the conclave was still sitting which elected Sixtus V., announced to his master that "*un cordelier nommé Montalto*" was now Pope. Sixtus V. indeed began his ecclesiastical career as a friar. He was the son of poor parents. His father, Pier Gentile Peretti, was, when the future pope was born, on the 13th December, 1521, a gardener at a small village, Grottamare, near Montalto, about fifty miles south of Ancona, in a delightful neighbourhood with a fair prospect on the Adriatic. The family was of Scavonic origin, and had escaped from Dalmatia and the terror of the Turkish invasion in the preceding century. The father of Felice Peretti, as the boy was called, had himself lost everything in the sack of Montalto in 1518, by the Duke of Urbino, after which he removed to Grottamare. Such was the straitened condition of the family, that the mother of the future Pope was obliged to enter domestic service; his aunt became a washerwoman; and it is said that his sister followed the same calling.

The little Felice Peretti is said to have

tended his father's swine as a child; however, he had an uncle, Frà Salvadore, in the convent of the order of Minorite Friars at Montalto, beyond the reach of the reverse of fortune which assailed the rest of his family; this Frà Salvadore undertook the education of his nephew, and got him entered into his own convent at the age of nine. The industry, vivacity of spirit, and powers of acquirement of the boy-friar were soon remarkable. After going through courses of rhetoric, philosophy, and theology, in various convents and towns, he became already known as a preacher at nineteen, though he did not take the degree of doctor of theology till 1548. His fame as a preacher rapidly spread throughout Italy; but it was not till the year 1552 in Lent that he made his first essay in a pulpit in Rome at the church of the Santi Apostoli. As his reputation had preceded him, the audience was numerous and distinguished, and among them were to be seen Cardinal Carpi, his earliest benefactor, Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and Filippo Neri, now a saint in the Roman calendar. It would appear, however, from a fragment of a sermon to be found in Baron Hübner's volumes, that his style of oratory was of the kind which the French call *amplificative*, and rather abundant and ornate than of real moral and religious strength; and that it was mainly his animated gestures and fiery earnest look which made his eloquence impressive with his auditory. That, indeed, is the characteristic of Italian pulpit oratory. He had, however, such success, that his ecclesiastical good fortune dates from his first appearance in Rome, when his talents and character acquired the esteem of the leading members of the Church of Rome.

A great movement of reform was then going on in the bosom of Catholicism itself. The profligate, the voluptuous, and the art-loving popes and cardinals—the Borgias and the Medicis—were disappearing before the earnest zeal of the stern race who awoke anew the sleeping genius of the Church, and evoked afresh the spirit of Hildebrand and Innocent III. The Inquisitor-Pope was in the ascendant, for Loyola and Philip II. had sworn to undo the work of Luther and Calvin. It was

from the society of such men as Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., and Cardinal Ghislieri, at that time chief inquisitor, known later as Pius V., the most intolerant and implacable of the new order of Popes, that the future Sixtus V. educated his fiery spirit to that pitch of zeal which made him the greatest pontiff of that age, in whom the spirit of persecution became incarnate, who undertook to war with heresy to the death, and to shut the gates of mercy on all mankind who would not adopt the decrees of the Council of Trent. With such powerful friends as Caraffa, Ghislieri, and Carpi, ecclesiastical promotion was a matter of course with Father Felice Peretti, or Montalto as he now began to be called. He was successively made regent of the convents of his order at Sienna, Naples, and Venice. At Venice he also received the appointment of Inquisitor: and in consequence of the rigorous zeal with which he supported all the pretensions of Rome in that city, he gained increased confidence with the champions of Papal authority, though he excited hostility among the citizens of the Republic.

After having filled various other offices, he became vicar-general of his own Franciscan order, which he proceeded to reform with characteristic severity. Subsequently he went on a mission to Spain in the suite of Cardinal Buoncompagni, afterwards Gregory XIII., with whom however he quarrelled on the road in a way which left no room for reconciliation; so that he lived in forced retirement during the whole thirteen years of Gregory's pontificate, which immediately preceded his own. He revenged himself, however, during his retirement by bitter and frequent sarcasms on the government and character of Gregory, and when he himself became Pope, he never failed to contrast the vigour of his own pontificate with the weakness of that of his predecessor; he even had a dream, in which he saw the deceased Pope in the flames of purgatory.

Pius V. was the chief benefactor of the future Sixtus V.; there was much similarity of character between the two ecclesiastics, both were ardent, zealous, and austere, and both regarded the persecu-

tion of heresy as the highest of all human and divine duties. Pius V. conferred on his friend two successive bishoprics, and paved the way to the Papacy for him by creating him a cardinal in 1570, when he took the title of Cardinal Montalto, receiving from the Pope at the same time the pension of 100 crowns a month, known as "the dish of the poor cardinal." Up to the time of the election of Gregory XIII. he was an active adviser of Pius V., but during his long disgrace after the elevation of his enemy, he lost "the dish of the poor cardinal," and had to fall back for occupation on his passion for building, which he shared in a humbler way with the great Cardinal Farnese, and other members of the Sacred College. He built the villa on the Esquiline Hill, now called the Villa Massimi, but then the Villa Peretti, constructed on part of the site of the gardens of Maecenas, and in front of the *agger* of Servius Tullius. He also built a tomb for Nicholas IV. and repaired the chapel del Presepio in Santa Maria Maggiore. To these occupations, and to the publication of a large edition of the words of Saint Ambrose, who appears to have been his favourite father, and whose bold defiance of Theodosius he constantly quoted as a precedent for himself, he devoted his leisure before his advent to the pontificate.

Before he removed however to his new house on the Esquiline, a tragic event in his own family, strangely characteristic of the time, and of which the fatal beauty of the famous Vittoria Accoromboni was the cause, agitated all Rome and all Italy. A few years before, when he was named vicar-general of his order, he had brought his sister Donna Camilla and her family to Rome. The father of Vittoria Accoromboni, himself of noble family, was then in search of a husband for his daughter, whose manner, wit, speech, and grace fascinated all beholders, and brought forward many suitors for her hand. The chief of these was Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, a man of terrible reputation, who was suspected of having murdered his first wife, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and whose houses and country castles were mere strongholds of banditti.

Though he was fifty years of age and had a repulsive malady, he possessed a strange attraction for and was preferred by Vittoria, who was nevertheless married by her father to Francesco Peretti, nephew of Cardinal Montalto and son of Donna Camilla. Soon afterwards, the husband of the bride was found murdered in the street. Everybody suspected the Duke of Bracciano to be the real culprit, but the idea of exacting vengeance from the great chief of the Orsini, the possessor of two or three houses in Rome as strong as fortresses, and crowded with *bravi* and brigands, filled the city with consternation; nothing less than civil war was in prospect under so weak a rule as that of Gregory XIII. To the surprise of all, however, Cardinal Montalto, after giving expression to his sorrow in full consistory, desisted from following up his demand for vengeance. The adventures of Vittoria Accoromboni, and her own subsequent murder by a kinsman of her husband, form the subject of a novel by Tieck; and this singular tale of atrocity and romance riveted the attention of all Italy. The future Pope, wounded as he thus was in his most cherished affections, had a private incentive for undertaking that merciless war against brigandage and the practice of assassination among the nobility which was one of the great achievements of his administration.

The conduct of Montalto, nevertheless, in the matter of the murder of his nephew, and his retirement from affairs under Gregory XIII., operated in favour of his election in the conclave which met, according to prescription, ten days after the death of his predecessor. For Sixtus V., like many of the Popes, owed the tiara to the fact that he was the member of the Sacred College against whom all parties could find the least aggregate of objections, and to fulfil this condition, absence of notoriety and the possession of a neutral reputation were the most useful qualifications. The old story of the appearance of the future Pope on crutches at the conclave, as a mark of decrepitude, which he threw aside the moment his election was secure, is altogether rejected by Baron Hubner as apocryphal; but no doubt Sixtus V. owed the votes of his colleagues to their ignorance of his true character.

The most imposing candidate before the election seemed to be the magnificent Farnese, the creature of his uncle Paul III., who built the splendid palace now possessed by the King of Naples, and who so nearly attained the pontificate in several

conclaves. His relationship, however, to the ducal family of Parma excited against him the jealousy of the Medici, who always succeeded in procuring a combination which resulted in his exclusion. On the present occasion Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, was the chief rival of Farnese in the conclave; and although Farnese at his entry into the electoral assembly commanded the nineteen votes of the batch of cardinals created in the last pontificate, Medici still intrigued so as to prevent his obtaining the majority of two-thirds of the cardinals present — the number necessary for his election; and, after trying various combinations, came to the conclusion that Montalto was the only *papable* candidate whom he could play with certainty to prevent the success of Farnese. By diplomatic manœuvres, he succeeded in winning over the Altemps, the chief of the creatures of Pius IV.; by another clever stratagem he succeeded in intimidating San Sisto, the chief of the creatures of Gregory XIII., who had promised their votes to Farnese, so that Montalto was elected by adoration, as it is termed — that is, all the electors, seeing that opposition was futile, voted by acclamation, and renounced further scrutiny. Sixtus V. was thus chosen on the 24th of April, 1585, and his coronation was celebrated on the first of May following.

This was the shortest of conclaves. The influence of the political factions devoted to France and Spain and Austria was little felt in this election, owing to the intense rivalry of Medici and Farnese. Even Philip II., who looked upon himself as the lay vicegerent of God upon earth, exercised little weight in the decision, although his interest was exerted in favour of Farnese, and he found no reason to congratulate himself on the choice of the Sacred College. The choice of Montalto was, in fact, due to circumstances so unforeseen, that the devout ruler of Spain conceived him to have been, in a peculiar manner, marked out for the office by the influence of the Holy Ghost. The new Pope, at the request of San Sisto, to whose decision at the final moment he owed his elevation, took the title of Sixtus V. The retired life which he had led before his accession had induced Medici to speculate on the influence he might retain over a Pontiff of his own creation so entirely unused to affairs, but Sixtus V. very speedily undeceived him in these expectations, for the new Pope was well aware that Medici had only brought about his election as the sole means of keeping out Farnese; and he

displayed immediately after his election a vigour of character, a tenacity of political and ecclesiastical purpose, and an imperious force of command which none had expected to find in a man now sixty-four years of age, who had begun his career as a friar, and had been deprived of all office for the last thirteen years of his life.

Nowhere was the energy of Sixtus more astonishing than in the management of the internal affairs of the Pontifical States. "Severity and hoarding of money," he laid down at once as the maxim of his rule. By the care which he bestowed on the financial condition of his dominions and by his reforms, he very speedily succeeded in rescuing the finances of the Papal Government from the ruinous state in which they had been left by Gregory XIII. Many of his measures, indeed, violated the principles of political economy as at present understood, but they were in accordance with the usage and spirit of the age. It is sufficient to state that in less than a year after his accession, Sixtus had deposited a million of golden crowns as the result of his economy in the Castle of St. Angelo; and that he left more than three millions in the treasury there behind him at his death. The possession of so much ready money made him one of the richest princes of Europe. The reputation which he thus acquired for wealth caused his alliance to be eagerly sought for; but Sixtus V. jealously watched over his treasures, and although not sparing of his golden crowns when they could be employed with a fair prospect of usefulness either abroad or at home, yet he carefully kept guard over them, and prevented himself from being entangled in such a way in the schemes of Philip II. and of the League as would squander the results of his economy without results.

Order in his finances Sixtus V. well understood could not be effectually secured unless public order were established throughout his dominions; therefore his very first thoughts were directed towards sweeping the territory and city of Rome clear of the hordes of banditti and the system of brigandage with which they were then infested. In all ages brigandage has exercised a potent influence in the history of southern countries. The *masnadieri* of Italy, the *partidas* of Spain, the *guerillas* of Portugal, have always been malefactors more or less of the same race—a race scattered throughout the countries on which they prey, and ready in all periods of national trouble to assume the colours of political faction, under the pretext

either of patriotism or of authority. In such times they attract into their ranks all the equivocal elements of the population. Every village sends its contingent of rascals—men of loose lives and dangerous characters, at war with law and society. Their adventurous career and their daring create for them strange sympathies in the confused moral sense of the peasantry, who become their allies and abettors in escaping pursuit. In the sixteenth century, Italy was in a condition especially favourable for the propagation and support of this social malady. The parties of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines were, it is true, extinct; the Free Republics existed no more; and the petty tyrants who exercised sovereign jurisdiction in their small territories had fallen one by one; but the traditions of former times were still strong, the habits engendered by centuries of local warfare, and by the military system of the *condottieri* had not passed away; the memories of ancient and extinguished liberties and privileges still survived; and the brigands played often but the part of the ancient *fuorusciti* in the eyes of their countrymen, by carrying on war against the established government. The great feudal and other nobles, moreover, in their private quarrels and in their revolts against the State power, in which they invoked the traditions of ancient parties and of local independence, made league with, and gave protection to, the leading banditti of the time, besides maintaining troops of bravos and lawless marauders in their pay, so that their territorial castles and their fortified residences in the cities were often mere strongholds of brigandage, and their relations with the brigands were those of mutual insurance and support. Of such noblemen in Rome, Paolo Giordano, whom we have already mentioned in connexion with Vittoria Accoromboni, was the most terrible representative; and the public morality of the time was so perverted, that nobles who lived surrounded by brigands, and even led themselves lives of semi-brigandage, were visited with no public reprobation, and some even obtained employments in State service. Ludovic Orsini, the assassin of Vittoria Accoromboni, was a notable example of this. He was at first banished from Rome for an act of *vendetta*, but he lived for many years the life of a *fuoruscito*, and engaged in the service of the Venetian Republic. Giovanni Battista del Monte was another example. Having a feud with the Town Council of Civita Castellana, he made a league with eight

chiefs of bandits and their two hundred followers, took possession of the town in open day, and massacred his enemies; he would have killed the *podestà* himself, had the latter not managed to save himself by flight; after which he became a *fuoruscito*, and engaged, like Orsini, in the service of Venice. The noble, however, who had fallen under the ban of the law, did not always seek foreign service in Venice, Ferrara, Tuscany, Spain or France; he also not unfrequently put himself at the head of a faction, and bade defiance to the government in his own castles or in those of his family and friends, until he had become sufficiently formidable to exact a free pardon.

Under the government of the unenergetic Gregory XIII., brigandage was carried on so large and terrible a scale, that down to the middle of the last century, Tempesta tell us, when people wished to characterize a feeble government, and a more atrocious state of brigandage than usual, they made use of the expression, "*Corrono i tempi Gregoriani*," "We are in the times of Pope Gregory." The most abominable crimes—murder, poisoning, robbery, abduction, and violence were of daily occurrence. In the capital itself, combats were carried on, sometimes for days together, which convulsed the whole city with panic. The Papal officers were attacked frequently by armed bands in the streets, and the Papal *sbirri* were assaulted at their posts and in their houses, and thrown murdered from the windows three or four at a time. The carriage of Monsignore Mario Savelli, brother of a cardinal, was attacked in open day by four unknown individuals, in the middle of the public promenade, outside the Porta del Popolo, and the prelate shot dead with a harquebus. Cardinal Montalto himself was exposed on one occasion to great danger. As he was returning home on foot through the streets, followed by a single servant, he found himself in the midst of a skirmish between the lawless young nobles of Rome and the Papal *sbirri*. The Pontifical police had violated what was considered the privilege of the nobles, by entering the Orsini palace, which was always full of bandits, and seizing a malefactor there. As they were leading off their prisoner, they were attacked by a band of the Roman young men of fashion of the day, of the Orsini, Savelli, Rusticucci, Capizucchi, and other families, followed by their retainers. In the medley, Montalto's servant was killed, and he himself escaped with diffi-

ty. The combat lasted for three days, and spread terror through all Rome, the whole of the Roman nobles taking up arms in defence of the inviolability of their domiciles. Dead and wounded men were lying about within the precincts of the Vatican, and the Cardinal was obliged to procure a guard of fifty soldiers to return home. The strange end of this conflict was, that the *bargello*, the chief of the *sbirri*, was, at the demand of the Orsini family, arrested and put to death. For four consecutive days Rome was in a state of terror; all business was suspended, and all the shops closed; and it was only by the patient negotiation of the Cardinal de' Medici, that the Roman nobles were induced to disarm and to dismiss their hired banditti.

Sixtus V. on the morrow of his election announced his intention, in an address to the Conservators of the city, of putting an end to this chronic state of terror and disorder. In a short address, after an allusion of some bad taste to the weak government of his predecessor, he enjoined them to proceed at once to a rigorous administration of justice, and said he would take their heads off if they failed in their duties. The Conservators retired in a state of abject terror. When the chief of the Orsini, the Duke of Bracciano, the suspected assassin of his nephew, appeared before him, he gave him such a stern look and such a speech, that he thought it advisable to fly at once from Rome. The day before his coronation, he inaugurated the stern reign which he contemplated by an act of unheard-of rigour. He had already forbidden the carrying of firearms in the streets. Four young men, who had served in the troop of Sforza, were found with small harquebuses upon them; in spite of all the solicitations of the cardinals, who represented that no execution had ever been known in Rome between the election and the coronation, the Pope was inexorable. The four young culprits were hung from the battlements of the Castle of St. Angelo, at sunrise, on the day after their capture, and their bodies were still hanging when the Pope passed in procession to the ceremony in St. Peter's.

Even before his coronation, he set to work to extirpate brigandage at large throughout his dominions. On the 30th of April, 1585, the Pope published a bull, addressed to every class of his subjects, enjoining them under severe penalties to assist in the pursuit and capture of brigands. At the sound of an alarm-bell or

at some other signal every member of the parish was required to take arms. And this bull was farther supported by a *bando* of a curious character, when judged by the ideas of our own time, in which prices were offered for the heads of brigands, and every member of a troop of banditti offered free pardon and reward for the betrayal and murder of their comrades. The Pope moreover organized a new system of police, and, after some difficulty, obtained the co-operation of the princes of neighbouring states, in which the brigands were accustomed to find refuge. To these measures some of the bandit chiefs made a show of defiance. One of them, Curzietto del Sambuco, with a band of twenty-five, traversed the Campagna, presented himself at the gates of Rome by night, and called insultingly for admission. The guard at the gate came out and attacked him, when he retreated into the church of San Paolo fuori le Mura, fortified himself there, and resisted for some time an attack of troops. After which he escaped across the Abruzzi and joined the famous band of Marco di Sciarra; the two chiefs together then made a fresh invasion, marked by deeds of atrocity, into the Roman States, till forces sufficient were brought against them to compel them to separate. Curzietto escaped to Dalmatia, and from thence to Trieste. At Trieste he relied on the protection of the Empire, but finding himself in danger of being arrested, he managed to seize the citadel, and threatened to blow it up and lay half the town in ruins. After some parleying with the governor of Trieste, Curzietto came out of the citadel, when the governor contrived to drug the wine of the brigand chief and his band with opium, to seize the whole body, to put them in irons, and embark them on board a galley. The desperado was determined not to submit tamely to his fate; during the voyage he and a fellow-prisoner seized their opportunity, and with irons on their wrists and ankles, embraced each other, and leaped into the sea.

Such was the indomitable character of the malefactors with whom Sixtus V. had to deal. But there were among them, as we have said, men of noble descent, who were at the head of veritable armies. Piccolomini, Duke of Montemarciano, of the noble family of Sienna, was one of them, and he had been the terror of the country in the reign of Gregory. Lamberto Malatesta, of the illustrious family of Rimini, was another. He ravaged Romagna, Umbria, and the Marches of Ancona. Not

only did he levy contributions on whole districts, but he stormed castles, and even took the town of Imola by assault. After some difficulty, Sixtus V. procured the extradition of Malatesta from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose territory he had taken refuge, and this criminal was executed at Rome on a scaffold hung with black, as was the privilege of the nobles.

The Pope now replaced the former governor of Rome by a man of sterner character, of a spirit akin to his own for severity, and a set of police regulations were issued for the city of Draconian rigour, directed not only against bearers of arms and harbourers of brigands, but against astrologers, tellers of fortune, cheaters at cards, blasphemers, libellers, and all guilty of suspected practices. Neither high birth nor position in the ecclesiastical profession was any longer a protection. Count Giovanni Pepoli, a man advanced in years and the head of that illustrious family, was put to death for harbouring a brigand, in spite of the great consideration he enjoyed in his native city, and of the earnest intercession of his relatives, the Duke of Ferrara and the Cardinal d'Este. This ruthless action caused a thrill of horror throughout Italy, and was followed up by hundreds of executions of malefactors of all classes, while the *bando* which had been published, offering prices for the heads of brigands, was of universal efficacy. A priest called Guercino had taken to the life of a bandit, and, with a party of robbers, held all travellers on the road near Terracina (later the scene of Fra Diavolo's exploits) at ransom. He had even seized Antonio Caraffa, the brother of the Duke of Luceria, who was on an embassy to the Pope, and left him with his suite nearly naked on the road. The *bando* of the Pope sufficed for the capture of Guercino, for he was betrayed, his head cut off and sent to Rome to be exposed on the castle of St. Angelo. Another renegade priest, Giovanni Valente, had the audacity to establish himself with a troop in Latium, to harry the country, and to issue edicts in the royal style. The Papal legate had exerted in vain every means to get hold of him, but, after the advent of Sixtus, Valente soon, like Guercino, was overcome and captured by the *bando* of the Pope.

The impatience of the fiery Pope to put an end to this scandalous evil was immense. A year after his accession he complained to M. de Pisany, the ambassador of Henry III., that as yet he had only destroyed seven thousand out of the twenty-seven thou-

sand brigands who had ravaged his dominions. His difficulties at first with the governments of the neighbouring states were great. "Help me," he writes with his own hand to the Grand Duke Francisco, "to root out these brigands, who, to the shame of the Holy See, lay waste the country." But the Grand Duke at first showed no disposition to join with the Pope's projects against the brigands; they might be useful allies in time of war, and even in time of peace he was enabled, by protecting them, to make terms for his own benefit. The Venetians too had made their territory a soil of refuge for all *fuorusciti* from time immemorial, without too freely inquiring into the reasons of their exile, and regarded the right of asylum as one of the most inviolable duties of the Republic. However, the energy of Sixtus eventually overcame all obstacles, both at Florence and at Venice. The dukes of Urbino and of Ferrara assisted him in his crusade against the robbers; while the Viceroy of Naples had orders from Philip II. to co-operate with the Papal authorities for the same purpose; so that in two years and a half the Papal States were swept clear of brigandage, and the Pope was able to acknowledge with complacency to Gritti, the Venetian ambassador, the reception of a despatch from Philip II. in which the King of Spain felicitated him on the extirpation of the brigands. "And with reason," said the Pope; "since they formed an army large enough to have acted with the Turks or the Huguenots, and to have caused immense damage."

Nor was the severity of the Pope confined to the brigands alone. He threatened to send Cardinal Sforza to the Castle of St. Angelo if he refused to deliver up two of his grooms who had been engaged in a quarrel in which blood was shed. Nicolino Azzolino, captain of the Pontifical Guard, a relation of Cardinal Azzolino, was executed for having wounded an ensign in his company. A friar, who was accused of trafficking on the credulity of the people by means of pretended miracles of an image in Santa Maria del Popolo, was scourged from one end to the other of the Corso. A priest, Annibale Cappello, who was accused of giving intelligence to the Queen of England of what was passing at Rome, was degraded, led to the bridge of St. Angelo, and there cruelly executed. His hands were lopped off, his tongue was cut out, and he was then hung on a gibbet. Crimes which were of ancient date were punished on the malefactors. The Count Attilio Baschi of Bologna was executed for

a parricide committed forty years before. The Roman public, according to immemorial fashion, characterized these acts of severity in their usual caustic way. The statues of Marforio and Pasquin held frequent conversations on the subject of the Draconian Pope. "Why," asked the statue of St. Paul of the statue of St. Peter on the bridge of St. Angelo, "have you your travelling wallet on your back?" "Because," replied St. Peter, "I am afraid of being called to judgment for having cut off the ear of Malchus." Some young noblemen, among whom were Virginio Orsini, Ascanio Sforza, and Marco Antonio Incoronati, were arrested for having made light of the Pope's rigorous rule, by setting up a row of heads of cats stuck on the points of pikes along that same famous bridge leading to the old mole of Hadrian, and escaped, it was thought narrowly, with their lives. As for the people, the very name of Sixtus sufficed at times to put an end to fighting in the street; and mothers are said to have quieted their children by saying, "Sixtus is coming."

The severity of his rule was well typified by the fact that the carnival was celebrated in Rome with a gibbet at one end of the Corso and a gibbet at the other, in order to terrify the people from celebrating the festivity with their usual violence and licence. It is not commonly known that the practice of throwing *confetti* during the carnival began in Rome during the reign of Sixtus V., when it supplanted the old fashion of throwing dirt and ashes. The punishments inflicted by Sixtus V. for even light offences, were as terrible as those of the Middle Ages; branding, and piercing of the tongue with hot irons, and lopping off the hands and feet were among them. Nor would the Pope endure any sarcastic witticism addressed to himself or his family. One terrible story is told of him. Marforio asked Pasquin on one occasion why he wore such dirty linen. Pasquin replied, "Because my washerwoman has been made a princess." Pasquin meant by his washerwoman Donna Camilla, the Pope's sister, who had just received some new mark of pontifical favour. "Five hundred crowns and his life to the author of that pasquinade," the Pope caused to be proclaimed. The author gave himself up, when his hands and feet were chopped off and his tongue cut out.

Of all the severe measures put in practice by the Pope for the restoration of order in his dominions, none were so strange as that employed by the Duke of Urbino, to get rid of a remnant of the

band of Curzietto, which had taken refuge in his mountains. Mules laden with provisions, as though for a ducal hunting-party, were driven past the hold of the brigands; the brigands caught at the bait, and seized the provisions, which were all poisoned. The Duke had the opportunity of making a present of thirty heads of bandits so poisoned, in one batch, to the Pope.

It is with respect to the foreign policy of Sixtus V. that the volumes of Baron Hubner contain, as we have said, the most important revelations gathered from the despatches now first published of the Spanish and Venetian ambassadors. The changes of mind of the Pope as influencing his relations with Philip II., the League, and Henri III. and Henri IV., can through them be traced in a way clearly explanatory of the apparent vacillation of the Papal policy during the eventful years of the pontificate of Sixtus. For nowhere in the modern history of Europe, have such extraordinary, tragic, and dramatic events occurred in such rapid succession, as during the reign of four years and four months of this Pope. It is sufficient to recall the excommunication of Henri of Navarre, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Day of the Barricades in Paris, the excommunication of Elizabeth, the destruction of the Spanish Armada, the assassination of the Duke of Guise and of the cardinal of Lorraine, the union of the armies of Henri III. with the heretic forces of Henri of Navarre, the excommunication of Henri III., the assassination of that king and the consequent accession of Henri IV., a relapsed and excommunicated heretic, to the throne of Saint Louis — to have an idea of the tremendous and incessant pressure of responsibility which weighed upon the mind of the chief of the Roman Catholic Church. It is from the reports of the Venetian Ambassadors of his confidential conversations with them that we see most clearly the workings and changes of his mind in his perplexities. Amid the worry and vexation of his trouble^t dealings with Philip II., with Henri III., and the League, he found a consolation in unburthening his soul to the envoys of the "wise old men," as he styled them, of Venice, whose prudence and political wisdom he had learned to appreciate during his stay in their city; and who, like himself, looked with commiseration on the desolate condition of unhappy France, and lamented that so fair a kingdom seemed hopelessly given over to anarchy and ruin. Sixtus was a great talker. He loved to walk up and down

the room declaiming against his enemies, and giving vent to the impressions of his fervid genius and character. Gritti and Badoer, the Venetian envoys, were the safest and most habitual recipients of these strange conversations, though the Pope complained that the Venetian Government could not keep a secret: no wonder, for every word of these harangues was reported to Venice and read by the Seignory.

Roman Catholicism, at the time of the advent of Sixtus V. to the pontifical throne, could not yet resign itself to the conviction that the doctrines of Luther and Calvin were not to be stamped out by force of arms, and by the fires of the Inquisition. There was not a country in Europe in which the Papacy and its adherents did not look forward to a speedy and complete victory over Protestantism. Such was the faith or credulity of Sixtus, that he confidently hoped that England, which had been separated from the Roman Church for nearly half a century, was yet to be brought back into the Papal fold — either by force or by the conversion of the Queen. The Pope had conceived an intense admiration of the Queen of England, as a valiant and noble woman; but it must be owned that this admiration was based mainly on the gallant achievements of Drake, whose exploits in harrying the fleets of the King of Spain, cutting off his galleons, and ransoming his colonies, were the talk of all Europe, and gave Philip many an uneasy hour. The name of *Il Draco*, as he was called in Italy, was constantly in the mouth of the Pope as he talked with the Venetian envoys; and the hardy defiance with which he took the King of Spain by the beard at Vigo, and Lisbon, and Cadiz, was in the autocratic mind of Sixtus V. ascribed to the high spirit and firm government of the Queen of England. Oddly enough, Baron Hubner speaks of the name of Drake as "aujourd'hui presqu'oublié." We can only refer him to the brilliant narrative of Drake's discoveries and victories in the pages of the most graphic and recent of English histories. The hope of the conversion of the Queen of England, who is said also to have entertained a reciprocal admiration for Sixtus, was not altogether the dream of a recluse and a monk; for we read in a Venetian despatch that the Jesuits did really report to him that the Queen had been sounded, and was not found hostile to the adoption of the Catholic creed. Philip, when he heard of the Pontiff's hopes in this respect declared at once that they were the vainest of illusions; the French

Ambassador declared the same thing,— nevertheless through the French Envoy in England, overtures were actually made to the English Queen; but, as the Pope was obliged to confess to Badoer, the Venetian Envoy, they were not received encouragingly — she laughed outright. Nevertheless, the Pontiff did not renounce hope, and he confided to Pisany, the French Ambassador, that her assassination had often been proposed to him, and that “at a small cost; but he had rejected these offers, since he loathed and detested such means” of ridding himself of an enemy. (Vol. i. p. 371.) This, however, did not deter him from raising Allen to the rank of Cardinal, who was the centre of the Jesuit plots against the life of the Queen.

But the chief theatre of interest — that which Sixtus watched with unceasing anxiety, was France. The miseries of France, which they styled in turns that “most noble kingdom” — “the ornament and right eye of Christendom” — were continually bemoaned in common by the Pope and Gritti; and though the Pope at first, under the pressure of circumstances, seconded the French policy of Philip, yet it will be seen that when he saw more clearly into the real ends of Philip’s schemes, he resolutely opposed the dictates of Spanish ambition in spite of all efforts at intimidation. The distracted and desolate condition of France, then in the last phase of those long ferocious wars of religion which had turned large tracts of the country into a desert, made havoc with her cities, and plunged the nation anew into barbarism, was, indeed, sufficiently appalling to excite the commiseration of her bitterest enemies. There was, however, one man in Europe who looked on this dreadful state of things with complacency, and that was Philip II., who was watching the game of the Guises, and looking forward to the sovereignty of the whole or part of the country, with a view of consolidating together his vast and straggling European dominions, and of doubling his resources and his power for the extermination of heresy. It was in precisely the year before the election of Sixtus V. that the League had started in renewed activity in consequence of Henri of Navarre becoming the next heir to the French crown by the death of the Duke d’Anjou; and, on the 16th of January, 1585, three months before the accession of the Pope, the famous pact of Joinville was signed between the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Mayence, and the Ambassadors of Spain, which virtually placed the direction of the affairs of the League in the

hands of Philip, while the Cardinal de Bourbon was recognized as next heir to the crown, and the contracting parties bound themselves to unite for the extinction of heresy both in France and the Low Countries. The terror created by the news of this convention operated so strongly on the feeble mind of the vacillating and impotent Henri III., that six months later he threw himself into the arms of the party of the Guises, and signed the Treaty of Nemours, by which he bound himself to interdict the practice of the reformed religion in France, to recall all edicts of toleration, and to deliver up various strong places into the hands of the Catholic party.

The news of this treaty, which had turned grey half the moustache of Henri of Navarre, reached the Vatican just as the Inquisition and the Sacred College were debating on launching the bull of excommunication against both Henri and the Prince de Condé, to declare them incapable of succeeding to the French crown. The Pope had up to that time withheld the urgent solicitations of Olivares, the ambassador of Philip, and of the emissaries of the league. “We are not accustomed,” he said, “to condemn people without hearing them;” but the tidings of the treaty of Nemours decided him. The bull was published at Rome on the 9th of September, 1585. The object of the Pope was to weaken the Huguenot party, and to consolidate that of the Catholics, on the supposition that the conciliation between the King and the party of the Guises was securely effected and was sincere. It was the first political act of Sixtus with respect to the affairs of France, performed at a time when he was wholly under the Spanish influence; but he soon perceived that he had committed a mistake, and had fallen into a trap set for him by Spain and the League. He had, moreover, acted with a precipitation not justified by the rules of the Church; for the excommunication should have been preceded by a *monitorio* addressed to the parties whom it was proposed to excommunicate, and this formality was not observed.

As is well known, this violent proceeding, though received triumphantly by the League, was viewed by all moderate Catholics with dismay, as an aggression on the independence of France and a violation of its traditions. The Parliament of Paris remonstrated against it in terms both dignified and indignant, while, as is well known, Henri of Navarre had a defiant protest affixed to the very doors

of the Vatican, in which he brought a counter-accusation of heresy against the Pope, which he offered to prove in full council; and trusted that God would avenge on the Pope and his successors the injury done to his King, his house, and his blood, and to all the courts of the Parliament of France. The Pope was sufficiently soon aware of the false step he had taken to make him cautious before giving way in future to the solicitations of the ambassadors at his court in behalf of the powers they represented. The chief of these was of course the ambassador of Philip, Don Juan Enrique de Guzman, Conde de Olivares, of one of the most powerful families of Spain, and father of the celebrated duke, the favourite of Philip IV., who swayed for a time the fortunes of the Spanish monarchy. In his youth he had followed the career of arms, and received a wound at Saint Quentin, which rendered him lame for life. His unbending, unyielding temperament, his Castilian bearing and disdain, his complete representation of the type of character styled *sosiego*, which is so much admired in Spain, together with his entire devotion to Philip, made him the most formidable personage with whom Sixtus V. had to deal at his court. The disputes between them were at last incessant and even violent; and though the Pope frequently demanded his recall, he remained at Rome and embittered the existence of Sixtus nearly up to the very last hour. The pensions and sums of money which he distributed among the cardinals, prelates, and great and small functionaries at Rome, in the name of his master, gained him a large body of adherents, and his influence was paramount in the Sacred College. Gregory XIII. he had completely subjugated; but on the accession of Sixtus V. he soon saw that he must prepare to put in practice new arts of diplomacy and new powers of intimidation. Sixtus V. had ideas of the Papal dignity more in consonance with those of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII., than with those of the feeble Gregory; for the new pontiff soon after his election threatened with excommunication the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, for having issued an edict forbidding the exportation of corn to the Roman States in a time of dearth.

At first, indeed, Olivares affected to treat with disdain the capacity and ignorance of affairs of the friar-pope. With his immense experience of the world and of state affairs, he thought it impossible that the recluse just promoted would be able

to support pretensions which he regarded as absurd in comparison with the power and authority of Philip II.; but he was mistaken. It was the Pope in the end who got the better both of Olivares and the Spanish King. Olivares revenged himself by incessantly accusing Sixtus V. in his despatches to Philip of bad faith, vacillation, and of waiting on events for the purpose of inclining to the successful side; but this method of self-defence is not uncommon with defeated intriguers. At last, indeed, carried away by pique and passion, he passed the limits of decency, and in a violent interview with the Pope placed Philip under the alternative either of breaking with Sixtus altogether or of replacing his ambassador. Philip adroitly managed to save him the appearance of disgrace by sending the Duke of Sessa to Rome as special ambassador, and by retaining Olivares in the second rank. Olivares outlived the Pope at Rome, and became subsequently Viceroy of Naples. He lived into the reign of Philip III., when he disappeared from the scene of politics as the victim of a court intrigue; but his memory survived among his countrymen as the great *papalista* of his time.

The interests of the French King Henri III. were under the joint protection of his relative the Cardinal d'Este and his ambassador, the Marquis of Pisany, of whose despatches Baron Hübner also makes frequent use. Jean de Vivonne, also styled De Torettes, seigneur de Saint Gouard, marquis of Pisany, *chevalier des ordres du roi*, colonel of the light Italian cavalry, and seneschal of Saintonge, had arrived at Rome during the vacancy of the Holy See. Although he was no match for Olivares in subtlety or in resource, he was a brilliant type of the brave and loyal French nobleman of his time. He was quick-witted and intelligent, and devoted to the interests of his master: of a lively susceptibility in matters of etiquette, in which he always gallantly sustained the interests of France against Spain, while in matters of honour his hand went ever swiftly to the hilt of his sword. He was married to one of the Savelli family, and his palace was the rendezvous of the most brilliant of the young nobles of Rome, who played there deeply in spite of the severe decrees of Sixtus against gambling. The gay and gallant bearing of Pisany was more congenial both to Roman society and to the Pope than the stately and imperious arrogance of Olivares; and though Pisany, in his difficult and delicate task of representing the complicated and varying inter-

ests of Henri III., whom the Pope held in undisguised contempt, had more than one serious misunderstanding with the Pontiff, he retained his favour to the end. On one occasion, indeed, he was ordered to quit Rome, which he did on the instant, saying he would have no difficulty in getting out of the pontifical dominions in twenty-four hours; but the matter was so arranged that he was enabled to return, with an increase of favour on the part of the Pope, and that very much by reason of his gallant conduct in surprising and capturing by night the crew of a Barbary corsair, by whom he himself had been taken prisoner on his voyage home to France.

The interests of the League were represented by the Cardinal de Sens, and by special ambassadors sent to Rome on the part of the Guises. The ambassador of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, the son-in-law of Philip, and therefore inclining to Spain, and the envoys of Venice, Priuli, Gritti, and Badoer, whom the Pope saw regularly once a week as they succeeded each other at Rome, were, besides the above-named personages, the most active representatives of foreign powers at Rome; and by personal interviews with them, and from the reports of his legatees, the Pope, who was his own Foreign Minister, gradually familiarized himself with external politics, and arrived at the decisions by which he endeavoured to conciliate conflicting interests, and to preserve in integrity the authority of the Holy See. As for the smaller Italian states, such as Tuscany, Ferrara, and Urbino, they weighed slightly in the balance, although they were from jealousy of Spain, or from reasons of relationship, more inclined to the French than to the Spanish interest. Parma, it is true, on account of the connexion of Philip with Alexander Farnese, then at the height of his glory, was in the Spanish interest; while Austria, under the rule of the phlegmatic Rudolph, the only great remaining Catholic European power besides Poland — too far removed from the scene of action — was, although inclined to Spain, too much involved in the intricacies of German politics to take an active share in the diplomatic battles of which the Papal court was the daily theatre.

That the foreign policy of Sixtus should have undergone frequent changes in the then confused state of European opinion, in the presence of the interminable state of anarchy, and with the impossibility of divining what were in reality the aims of Philip, and whether he had the power of carrying them into effect, was not only

not to be wondered at, but indeed it was almost necessary that such should be the case, when the strange character of the domination exercised by the Papacy is duly considered. The first object of Sixtus was the extinction of heresy and the preservation of the rights of the Holy See; and to this he was prepared to sacrifice all other interests, as of lesser consideration. He had much at heart, it is true, the welfare and independence of France, and the preservation of royal authority there; but this was an object which he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment rather than yield a jot of his spiritual authority, or lose one chance for the extirpation of heresy. When, therefore, Henri III., by the Treaty of Nemours, adopted the principles of the League, and undertook to put down heresy, it seemed to Sixtus that his duty was plain, since he could support the royal authority and carry on the work of suppressing heretical doctrine at the same time. He therefore frankly at this period supported the King of France; but when he found that the French King not only was lax in his pursuit of heretics, but showed a disposition to accept the assistance of the Huguenots, he withdrew his favour from the royal cause, and bestowed it on Philip and the League.

The leading points of the policy of Sixtus with respect to France were laid down in his instructions to the legate Morosini. They are given by Tempesti, and may be summed up in the following propositions:—

1. The Pope desired that the King should be respected and obeyed by all, especially by the princes of the League.
2. That the King should cease to protect Protestants.
3. That no heretics should succeed to the crown.
4. That the *nuncio* should obtain the execution of his bull relative to pilgrimages to the holy places at Rome.
5. That the decrees of the Council of Trent should be received and published in the kingdom of France.
6. And, above all, the Pope remembered that he represented in his person the common father of Christendom, and therefore he would not allow himself to be won over by one party more than another, but would lean only to that party which in sincerity of heart would labour for the glory of God, for the exaltation of the

Catholic faith, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the establishment of peace.

The duty of playing the part of common father to all the Catholics of Europe, in their state of division and mutual jealousy and suspicion, was one of sufficient difficulty in itself; and when it was complicated with the equally imperative duty of exterminating all the other Christian children who had emancipated themselves from the paternal roof, the difficulty was immense indeed. The whole foreign policy of Sixtus may, indeed, be summed up in these words:—"I should prefer that the extermination of heresy should be effected by the regularly constituted powers, each in his own territory; but if they fail in their duty, I will give my benedictions and the kingdoms of the earth to those who will kill the greatest number of heretics."

Such, in fact, was his policy with regard to England. He would have preferred that the Queen should be converted, and that she should have led or driven her subjects back into the Papal fold. He never quite lost sight of this vain hope; but when he could no longer delude himself with the expectation of its speedy fulfilment, after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, he urged forward Philip in his undertaking to conquer the country, and promised subsidies for the fitting out of the Armada. But the views of the Pope, both with respect to Philip and the Armada, and the continual suspicions which he entertained respecting the good faith of Philip, as well as the general turn of his mind, will be best understood from the reports of Gritti to the Doge of Venice during the preparation of the doomed fleet. It must be premised that, like Pius V., his early protector, Sixtus never ceased to have his eyes fixed on the East, and to cherish fondly the idea of organizing a new crusade against the infidel.

When Gritti brought him news that the Turks and the Persians had ceased to be at war, he burst out with the exclamation:

"Here is a great and fair opportunity lost. Now the heretics can all obtain succour of the Turk and do us much damage."

He lamented,

"That he had to furnish the King of Spain with so much money—800,000 crowns a year—and he cries, The Spanish galleys do nothing but carry on commerce, and the money of the Church is spent otherwise than for what it was given. Hence the anger of God, the insults and losses which the King has to endure everywhere;

in Holland and in Flanders he takes one town and loses two, while a woman contrives to combine the Princes of Germany and the King of Navarre against him, and finds in herself resources enough to turn the world upside down."

Gritti enjoins the Doge to keep this report secret. He is struck with the suspicions of the Pope about Philip's schemes. "It is certain," Gritti writes, "that the king of Spain is arming, but not certain that it is against England." A month or two later the Pope said:—

"I pray that the *signori* of Venice may behave so that we remain friends, and that there may arise no cause for quarrel between us, but that we may be able to aid each other reciprocally."

Then, pointing to a sketch of the Holy Sepulchre which had been sent him, and which was lying on his desk:—

"We might purchase the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks. They would give it to us for money. But that does not suit us; for we would not have it thought that we cannot take it by force; and although we may not hope to do it in our lifetime, yet we do not wish to let the world believe it is impossible. We should fear also that in transporting the Holy Sepulchre to Rome we should commit a sin, and do what is contrary to the will of God, since it was his will that he should be born at Bethlehem, and that he should die at Jerusalem. We see too that though the cradle of our Lord is at Rome, no one comes to see it; while to visit the Holy Sepulchre many go every year to Jerusalem. They say the pilgrims are ill-treated by the Turks. We must have patience until God sends the man who in honour of His Divine Majesty may be willing to reconquer the Holy City. A man would suffice, for the rest is not wanting. The forces of the King of Spain would alone suffice, if he would employ them for this purpose—he who has so many kingdoms, such revenues, such power. And then he would not be alone; for who would not aid him? Ferrara, Florence, Mantua, Urbino would concur with all their means. With Genoa we know the King does as he likes. And even if the *Signoria* of Venice would not compromise itself openly with the Turks, there would not be a well-to-do woman in Venice or her provinces who would not pay four or five soldiers for the enterprise. There is but one thing wanting; a prince—a Constantine, a Theodosius, an Arcadius, a Lothaire, or such as these. It is the prince alone whom we despair to find in our lifetime; for we see none among them capable of fulfilling this task. However, let us not despair. If he should appear, we have for our part prepared three millions, and before this sum is spent, we will take care to provide more. With the money which these armaments against England cost, this expedition might have been undertaken. Already we have spent thirteen millions, and nothing has

been done. The King is growing ridiculous with his Armada, while the Queen manages her affairs well. *If this woman were but a Catholic*, she would be loved by us above all; for she is of very great worth. *See what a man is Drake!* With his small force he has burnt twenty-five ships of the King in the straits of Gibraltar, and a great number at Lisbon; he has made booty of his fleets, held the island of St. Domingo at ransom, and acquired so great a reputation that the English run after him to share his glory; while his enemies fly from him in terror. This Spanish Armada gives us much trouble. We have unfavourable presentiments, and fear a bad result. Instead of setting out in September last year, as we advised, since in war promptitude is the main point, the King keeps on delaying, and he has shifted about and left the Queen time to make preparation to receive him." (Hubner, vol. i. p. 388.)

It was, in fact, the ill success of the Armada which changed for ever the good relations between Sixtus and Philip. Of the increasing discontent of the Pope, even before the news of the great disaster had arrived at the Vatican, proof is to be found in the following despatch of the Marquis of Pisany:—

" He commenced to speak strangely to me of the King of Spain and his ministers, and told me that more than 20,000 men were dead of the said fleet of Portugal, and that in the port of Lisbon, by lack of good management, twenty-eight great vessels of the fleet had been stranded, and were all shattered and disabled; and that in Flanders, the Italians who had been sent there in the last year were all dead; so that he saw all things going from bad to worse on that side, and yet that they wanted to make him believe that all was going on excellently; the army was going to put to sea on the fourth of this month (March, 1588), and make the attempt which he knew could not be done without it. And that they worried him to give them 700,000 crowns which he had promised them, but that that was when they should act with good faith and have a good footing on shore (in England), and that he had heard that after the death of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, of whose capacity or good luck he had no opinion, was chosen for chief and general of the fleet. But that whatever came of the said enterprise, he would take care that nothing should be done either to the prejudice of France, or which could give it any cause of fear."*

* Baron Hubner says (vol. i. p. 397) that the Armada sailed in August, 1588; but it is notorious that its destruction occurred in July. He also intimates that the main object of Philip II. in preparing the great expedition was to vindicate the maritime supremacy of Spain against the attacks of the English. This is hardly consistent with the truth, for the real design of the Armada was to enable the army of the Prince of Parma, then in Flanders, to invade and conquer the country, to dethrone the Queen, and to extirpate heresy.

Philip II., indeed, never was the same man after the reception of the news of the loss of the Armada — a darker gloom than ever weighed thenceforth on the Escorial. Accustomed as the monarch was to dissimulation, this time he could not conceal his affliction. A despatch of Hieronimo Lippomano, the Venetian envoy at Madrid, to the Doge, dated 6th September, 1588, gives a striking account of the desolation and dejection of Philip, and the state of public opinion at Madrid. As for Philip, "It is impossible for the monarch," he says, "to hide his distress from the public. He lives quite retired, and will see no one; he has re-made his will, and passes whole hours with his confessor." In another despatch, dated 27th February, 1589, the ambassador further shows how permanently the king had been cast down by the great blow he had received. Another calamity had fallen on the king, in the form of the desperate illness of his son, the heir to the throne, afterwards known as Philip III.

" The King has felt much this misfortune, as was reasonable, and as has been told me by those who entered into his room, he could not utter a word, only he raised his eyes frequently to heaven, and showed inwardly his extreme grief. Yet, on the other hand, he did everything to dissemble his great trouble, never having ceased to sign and carry on his business as he is accustomed; and he did not even go to see his son while he was in danger, only to-day I hear he has seen him." (Hubner, vol. iii. p. 295.)

As for the court, Lippomano says in the first despatch, they reproached aloud the King for having conceived and executed so perilous a design without listening to any other advice but that of Don Juan de Ydiaquez and Don Cristoforo de Moro. They threw blame on the Duke of Parma, they raised to the skies the merits of Santa Cruz, in order to throw discredit on Medina Sidonia. The public of Madrid were not to be deceived by the attempts to conceal the amount of the disaster which had befallen the Spanish fleet, nor the prayers for victory which were still offered in churches, or by the futile demonstrations made for the creation of another Invincible Spanish Armada. New admirals and new generals were named, but ships and men were wanting. "Last year," said the sharp-tongued wits at Madrid, "there was a fleet without a commander, this year we have commanders but no fleet."

At the Vatican, the affliction of the Pope took the form of extreme ill humour. One consolation, however, Sixtus drew

from the disaster—he had saved his money, his three millions were safe in the Castle of St. Angelo; some subsidies he had lost, it is true, but the conditions on which he was to give the million of crowns had not been fulfilled—no Spanish army had set foot in England—and the sum he had promised to pay over to Philip on that contingency would therefore remain in his own treasury, and not be scattered over the bottom of the English Channel and of the North Sea. Pisany, the French Ambassador, was one of the first to see him after the evil news arrived; he took occasion, as representative of Henri III, who had looked with a suspicious eye on the preparations for the Armada, and had been driven from his capital by the machinations of Philip with the League, to recall maliciously to the Pope's memory that he had never augured well of this enterprise of the Armada, undertaken without the advice or concurrence of his king; and Sixtus, contrary to his usual habit, was silent. The audiences of Olivarès with the Pope were of a more stormy nature. The Pope held his peace till the Spanish ambassador demanded the promised million of crowns at once, on the ground of the disaster and of the want of money in Flanders. The Pope replied the convention could not be applied as circumstances now stood. Olivarès answered at length, that the Spanish king invoked not the letter, but the spirit of the convention. The Pope listened to his statement without interruption, but with signs of impatience, clenching his fingers nervously together as his manner was when he was moved. At last he broke out in fury, and refused to listen to any more demands for money till he had further news of the fleet. The Pope, on such occasions of altercation with the Spanish ambassador, gave loose to his passion in a way which brought about scenes almost comic from their violence; he knit his heavy brows, and descended from his seat beneath the *baldacchino*, and walked violently up and down the room, gesticulating wildly, perforating rapidly, and followed by the ambassador, who was not allowed to put in a word, so long and so vehement and so peremptory was the Pope's outflow of indignation. The high tones of his angry voice were heard even in the antechamber, and his private *cameriere*, Monsignore Sangaletto, remained with his ear against the door of his inner cabinet, trembling with a mixture of curiosity and fear, and waiting hopefully for a calm. In such moments the angry old man was

unapproachable, but Olivarès was the only man who never yielded to these explosions of passion, and his imperturbable persistence and system of suggested and sometimes open menace grew at last to be intolerable and even indecent.

"I find," writes Olivarès, at the conclusion of the despatch from which we have quoted, "the Pope very lukewarm in showing satisfaction when good news arrives from Spain, and very little affected at the bad. *His envy at the greatness of your Majesty and the pain which he feels in expending his money work more powerfully on him than the welfare of the Church and his zeal for the extermination of heretics.* If he promised you subsidies, it was in the hope that the expedition would never come off. When the affairs of the King go wrong, his pride and his arrogance become insupportable; he puts the knife to my throat, and forgets that the detriment of your Majesty turns also to the disadvantage of the Holy See and the cause of God. In this occasion his bad nature has broken out again. However, I keep my ground.

"In order that your Majesty," he writes again, "may have an idea of how well the Holy Father understands military and naval affairs, I just mention this, that he wished me to beg your Majesty to give orders that the fleet in passing might co-operate in the siege of Rochelle." (Hubner, vol. i. p. 401.)

Olivarès, in his despatches to Philip, brings again and again three charges against the Pope—bad faith, violent temper, and ignorance of affairs. It was natural that a foiled diplomatist should attempt to justify himself with his sovereign, and to take his revenge on his adversary, for he regarded Sixtus V. as little less, for the little way he was able to make at the Papal Court. As for the violent temper, Olivarès, as we have seen, had some ground for his accusation. As for the Pope's ignorance of affairs too, the ambassador's allegation was also plausible: it was hardly within the bounds of possibility that a man who had passed the greater part of his life as a poor friar, and was withdrawn from obscurity and retirement to be the Spiritual Chief of the Catholic powers of Europe, should at once be a match for the veterans of politics in dealing with the perplexed European interests on which he had to pronounce a decision. The wonder is that a man of sixty-four, with such a previous training, should have been able to hold his own so well. As for the charge of bad faith, this seems to be a mere invention of the spite of Olivarès; the Pope aimed first at securing the interests of the Church,

as he comprehended them, in all their integrity; he had at heart also the interests of every European nation, but these he treated as subordinate to the interests of the Church. He never concealed that he was opposed to all schemes of universal monarchy, and wished each nation to remain within its own limits—he had in fact a clear view of the necessity of a balance of power. "The great Christian princes," he said, in one of his numerous conversations with Gritti, "have each need of a counterpoise, for if one of them should predominate, all the others would run a risk of being imposed upon."

It is a curious trait in his character, that as a politician he had infinitely more admiration for Elizabeth—that is for England—and for Henri IV. than for the plotter and schemer of the Escorial, who aimed at so much and effected so little. In fact the Popes were never well affected to Spain, notwithstanding its assumption of the championship of the Catholic creed. Paul IV. never spoke of the Spanish king or nation without calling them heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, seed of Jews and Moors and the dregs of the world. Indeed Paul IV. was at one period at actual war with Philip II.

But if Sixtus V. cannot be accused of actual bad faith, at least his political career was full of apparent contradictions and inconsistencies. The explanation of which is, and the explanation to a certain extent justifies the imputations of Olivarès, that he was waiting for events. He did not dare absolutely to reject the overtures of Philip, and risk a rupture with the greatest Catholic potentate of his time, until he could have clearer hopes of the victory of the cause of Catholicism in France. His alliance with Philip he regarded as a *pis aller*, as a last resource if all other means failed of settling his French difficulties. Philip and his ambassador Olivarès perfectly understood the reasons of the evasions and delays of the Pope, and therefore they became more and more urgent in their endeavours to force the Pontiff to commit himself irrevocably on the side of Spanish ambition. The Pope on his part clearly saw the whole bearing of the acts they would have him commit, and the momentous character of the negotiations in which he was involved; a more favourable turn of affairs in France might render the Spanish alliance unnecessary, and in that case he would escape being the instrument of the ambition of Philip, which menaced not only the independence of Europe, but also that of the Holy See.

He temporized therefore to the utmost of his power, drew closer to Philip when things promised badly in France for the interest of Catholicism, and drew off from him as soon as he saw any other escape; but in order to preserve his independence as long as possible, he had to meet ruse with ruse, arrogance with arrogance, and to fight terrific diplomatic battles with the Spanish ambassador. The stern and fiery old man was almost unsupported at Rome in this intolerable and almost daily conflict. Most of the cardinals were either bought over with money or won by promises and favours to the Spanish interest. The Pope's consequent isolation, his conviction of the gravity of the crisis, the continual suspense, the renewed trials of his judgment by new events, the incessant agitation of his conscience, affected his health so severely that he wasted away visibly. His only consolation was in intercourse with the Venetian ambassador; he had trust in the wisdom of the Venetian Senate, and Venice and the Pope remained firm friends to the end, while both were included alike in the dislike and suspicion of Philip, of his ambassadors abroad, and of his preachers at Madrid. In his confidential communications to Gritti the perplexed Pontiff groaned at times under the weight of care which weighed him down; it was no light matter, indeed, to hold oneself as the Vicegerent of God upon earth; he regretted the days of his cardinalship, and even his simple friar-life, when he had not to resolve upon the excommunication and deposition of kings, and the distribution of the empires of the world.*

With such knowledge of the perplexities of the Papal mind, it is easy to imagine how the news of the Day of the Barricades at Paris, and the flight of the King, the proof which the battle of Courtras afforded of the strength of the Huguenot party, and of the ascending genius of Henri of Na-

* The following extract from one of Gritti's despatches gives an interesting idea of the familiar intercourse of the Pope with the ambassador, and his almost affectionate regard for Venice:—

"Et questo finito, con la singolar humanita sua mi soggiunse, 'Ch'avete a Venetia? como sta il vostro serenissimo Principe?' Io li diss, 'Sta bene, Beatisimo Padre, et nella nostra citta un vero esempio di religione, di prudenza, di giustitia, e d'ogni virtu, ma da piu esso, per mostrar la rivenienza che porta alla Vostra Santita et per solarsi nella vista di Lei, ho questi giorni inteso, che tiene di continuo nella sua camera il ritratto di Vostra Beattitudine.' 'Così abbiamo inteso,' disse il Papa, et mostro aereo carissimo. 'O quanti buoni e savii huomini habbiamo conosciuti in Venetia. Andrea Barbarigo, Bernardo Giorgi, Dominico Morosini, quello che stava a S. Moise,' 'Dandolo,' disse io. 'Sì,' disse il Papa. 'Matta Dandolo; oh, che savio huomo, il Sanduo et tanti altri.' " (Baron Hubner, vol. iii. p. 669.)

varre, the intelligence of the assassinations of the Duke de Guise and of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and of the junction of the forces of Henri III. with those of the heretic claimant to the succession to the crown of France, must have agitated the councils of the Vatican.

The acceptance by the French King of the alliance of Henri of Navarre and of the aid of his Huguenot followers, the admission also implied or avowed by Henri III. and by the chiefs of the *parti politique* and other Catholic nobles of the rights of the Béarnais as heir to the French crown, seemed to the Pope, as it really was, the most significant event in the whole history of the French religious wars. But the Pope was far from taking the view of the moderate Catholics of France; or seeing in this union a conclusion to the horrible calamities which twenty-six years of civil warfare and massacre had brought upon the country. On the contrary, the Catholic faith seemed now at the Vatican in greater danger than ever. Morosini, the Papal Legate in France, on hearing of the meeting of the two Kings at Tours, at once left the country, and the Pope seized the opportunity of excommunicating Henri III., not for the murder of the Duc de Guise, but for the murder of the Cardinal de Guise, a Prince of the Church; he then came unwillingly to the conviction that a close alliance with Philip II. and the League had become a matter of absolute necessity for the preservation of the Catholic religion.

The *monitrio* of excommunication against Henri III., which the Council of Venice had done all in their power to prevent, was published in Rome on the 24th of May, 1589, and read in the Cathedrals of Meaux and Chartres, in the month of June. Its effect was immense in the French capital. Henri III. was assassinated in little more than a month afterwards, and though Jacques Clement was the assassin, the Pope may be said to have encouraged the deed, and to have regarded its perpetration with satisfaction. "*A Domino factum est istud*," were the commencing words of his speech on the event to the consistory, while he refused to allow a funeral service to be celebrated for the deceased monarch in Rome.

From the day of the assassination of Henri III., on the 1st of August, 1589, to the death of Sixtus V. himself, only a year and a few days elapsed, but this last year of his brief pontificate was the most agitating of all. It was a year of incessant suspense and doubt and difficulty, and that of his very worst altercations with Olivares.

In the first place, he was very nearly coming to open rupture with the Venetian senate, with whom he had always been on such cordial terms, and who so frankly shared his own Spanish antipathies. On the assumption by Henri of Navarre of the title of Henri IV. of France, and on the acknowledgment of his title by a large party of the French Catholic nobility, and after his declaration that he would preserve the Catholic religion, not only was the ambassador of Venice in France instructed to consider himself accredited to the new King, but the Venetian Republic received the ambassador of Henri IV. On the occurrence of this latter event, the Papal Nuncio at Venice at once left the city; and it required all the skill of Venetian diplomacy, and a special embassy to Rome from the senate, to prevent the Pope from breaking off relations with the first Italian power, for their acknowledgment of a heretic monarch.

The arguments of the Venetian envoys left, however, a deep impression on the Pope's mind in favour of Henri IV., and the indefatigable Badoer kept continually suggesting the conversion of Henri IV. as the final and probable solution of the French difficulty. "Let him but be converted," said the Pope, "and we will embrace him,"—happy in the conception of so desirable a conclusion; and when Donato, the special envoy to Rome, took leave of him, he kissed him, and charged him to give the tenderest greetings to the *serenissima Signoria* of Venice.

But the conversion of Henri IV. was a subject which, as yet, the tormented Sixtus V. only dared mention in secret with his Venetian friends. Long before Philip II. had got wind of the fact that Henri of Navarre had made private overtures to the Vatican to be reconciled to the Church, and to be relieved of the ban of excommunication, and Philip had warned the Pope again and again that such advances from Henri were insincere, and meant only to deceive him. The Pope, however, had his own views of the motives of Philip in so warning him, and after the death of Henri III., the Spanish King seeing that now or never must his projects on the French crown be realized, had, through his agents, redoubled his activity in every direction. The great centre of interest in these endeavours would naturally be Rome,—the very chiefest aim of the Spanish King would evidently be to frustrate all negotiations between Henri IV. and the Pope, and the story of the diplomatic conflict which ensued as soon as the ambassador of the ex-

communicated heretic French King entered Rome, is one of the most curious pages in all the long history of the Papacy.

The Duke of Luxemburg arrived at Rome as the ambassador of Henri IV. in the beginning of January, 1590, and to the great disgust of Olivarès and the Spanish faction, was received on the next day but one after his entry. The Duke approached the Vatican with a train of twenty-two carriages filled by French gentlemen. When they reached the palace, the door of the Pope's apartment was closed, the guards were doubled, and the Duke's followers were requested to deliver up their swords. On arriving at the *bussola*, or door of the cabinet of the Holy Father, the Duke and three of his gentlemen only were allowed to enter. The ambassador confessed that at this point he felt some apprehension; when he entered the Cabinet, however, the Pope was extremely gracious — inquired after his journey, made him sit down, a privilege granted only to royal ambassadors, and listened with patience to his speech, which since it was made in French, he acknowledged he did not understand, and he asked him to bring an interpreter at his next visit. In fact the internal and external manner of receiving the French ambassador were quite of a different character. On his next visit the Duke ventured to bring forth the name of Henri of Navarre, and to repeat a conversation which he had held with the King, in which Henri expressed his desire to return to the Catholic Church. Sixtus appeared full of joy at the news. The Duke solicited from the Pope permission for the Catholics who served the King to be able to do so without incurring the censures of the Church; and further that the Pope should send to Henri some ecclesiastics who might instruct him in the dogmas of religion. The Pope, without deciding as to the first demand, at once named a French Monsignore who should go on a mission of conversion to the King.

The presence of the Duke of Luxemburg in Rome turned the pontifical palace into a field of deadlier warfare than ever. Olivarès, backed by the Cardinals Madrucio, Deza, and Mendoza, and the Spanish faction, aided also by the Cardinal de Sens, the representative of the League, led the van against the French envoy and the ambassador of Venice: and these two had no other support to rely upon but the secret good will of Sixtus himself. Olivarès and his party would be content at first with nothing short of the immediate dismissal of Luxemburg; but this Sixtus re-

fused bluntly, and the envoy remained at Rome, absenting himself, however, for a short time on the pretext of a pilgrimage to Loretto during a time of pressure of the Spanish faction. After all other means of constraint had been exhausted, Olivarès proceeded to hint that his master would adopt that of direct force, and march his troops from Milan and Naples upon the capital of the Holy See.

The Pope was greatly embarrassed, as he acknowledged to Badoer, for he had in fact, shortly after the assassination of Henri III., when he was unable to believe in the sincerity of the desire of Henri IV. for conversion and absolution, and when he could see no hope for the Catholic religion in France, except through Philip and the League, sent Cardinal Gaetani as Legate to the revolted party, and proposed a scheme to Philip for a military intervention of forty or fifty thousand men in France, reserving to himself, however, the nomination of a general, and, so far as possible, the supreme direction of the expedition and its results. War at that time with the royal chief of the Huguenots seemed the only way of preserving in France the unity of the faith. Philip had accepted the Pope's propositions with alacrity, and was actively arming at Milan and Naples, to carry them out; and his Italian forces might, as Olivarès intimated, be readily directed on Rome, in the same way as they had been so directed under the Duke of Alba in the days of Paul IV. Now, however, the Pope repented of his precipitation; he felt that the star of Henri IV. was in the ascendant, and that his gallant, frank, and chivalrous bearing was winning rapidly all hearts in France. The representations of the "sage and prudent" counsellors of Venice had made a deep impression upon him; he believed with them that Henri was the only possible king for the French nation; he had a reasonable dread of Hispaniolism and the ambition of Philip, and he with justice was apprehensive of the discredit which might be brought upon the Papacy by a foreign intervention undertaken in opposition to the spirit of the mass of the French nation. If Henry IV. were victorious over the League, whose real motives he had always held in suspicion, and whose spirit of revolt against authority had been ever repugnant to him, and if the chief who was battling so chivalrously and so successfully for his right to a throne were really sincere in his protestations of a desire to be received into the Catholic Church, no more favourable prospect could be desired for France and for the Papacy. In

his intimate talk with Badoer he exclaimed frequently, "If Henri become sincerely converted all will be well." Sixtus V., too, comprehended well how impossible it was for the King of Navarre to abjure his Huguenot creed, while he had more than ever need of the Huguenots, and of the support of Protestant England and Protestant Germany. One evening, at supper, after a long silence, he said suddenly, as though starting from a dream, "How could Navarre now turn Catholic? He would be immediately abandoned by the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany, and the King of Spain would swallow him like an egg." The very walls of the Vatican had ears at this crisis; these words were repeated to Olivarès and sent to Philip, and both monarch and ambassador strained every ruse of diplomacy and every means of intimidation to force the Pope to carry out his engagements — or rather *quasi*-engagements — for though they had been drawn up in formal shape at the Vatican, they had never been signed by either party. The Pope's object was to gain time, to let Henri pursue his career of victory; and for this purpose he withheld the assaults of Olivarès in his cabinet, and the further pressure of the special ambassador, the Duke of Sessa, sent by Philip, with the aid of every ruse and every stratagem. The last months of his existence were one long and terrible struggle with the representatives of the policy of the Escorial.

While Henri was winning the victories of Arques and Ivry, and advancing to the siege of Paris, the Pope was waging daily in his cabinet not less terrible combats on his behalf. Olivarès made three demands, preparatory to insisting upon the execution of the armed intervention — the dismissal of Luxembourg, the excommunication of the Catholic adherents of Henri, and a declaration from the Pope against the Béarnais, as he was always called in the despatches of Philip. In one interview Olivarès went so far as to threaten the Pope with a public protestation against his conduct in the Roman Consistory, to be drawn up by a Spanish theologian whom he sent for from Naples for the purpose. At mention of this Olivarès says the Pope began "to howl with rage" (*Empezó a chirriar con gran coraje*), and threatened to excommunicate Olivarès and all his abettors — it even appears he threatened to have the ambassador executed; and the memory of this interview was long preserved in a tradition to be found in the work of Gregorio Leti, that

the Pope had caused a scaffold to be erected before the Spanish ambassador's palace. It is certain, however, that Philip and his ambassador entertained some notion of calling together a General Council of the Church, under the Archbishop of Toledo, and of deposing the pontiff and electing another; so it may be imagined what independence the Papacy would have enjoyed if Philip had fulfilled his dream of universal sovereignty. It was at this period that Philip adopted, as we have said, the expedient of sending the Duke of Sessa as special ambassador to Rome. The appearance of this envoy on the scene, who came to demand expressly from the Pope the execution of the proposals for an armed intervention in France, did not change the course of affairs in the Pope's cabinet. Sixtus V. still eluded all attempts to force him into action against Henri IV., and made use of the scruples of a Pontiff just as a woman does of her weakness, to disarm his antagonists. He complained of the importunities of Olivarès and Sessa in public Consistory. Their last interview with him was on the 19th of August, 1590.

The Pope was then very ill, and was living in the palace on the Quirinal. To revenge himself for the vexation they had inflicted on him, Sixtus appointed the interview to take place at mid-day, when the two ambassadors would have to mount the long incline of the Quirinal under the blazing heat of a Roman August sun. The two Spaniards again vehemently beset the Pope, protesting against the mission of an ecclesiastic to the Béarnais for his instruction in the Catholic faith, and demanding the carrying out of the proposal for intervention. Sixtus replied with violence in a fit of passion; the ambassadors declared that if he continued so to treat them, they would return before him no more; the Pope retorted they might leave at once. The emotions of this interview increased the catarrhal fever under which Sixtus was suffering; he passed a restless night. After which he grew rapidly worse, and died five days later; it was remarked that as the breath departed from the body of Sixtus V. the elements seemed, as in the case of Cromwell, to participate in his final agony, and Rome was enveloped in a thick storm of thunder, and lightning, and darkness. The ferocious hatred of Olivarès breaks out in the few lines in which he announced the death of the Pontiff to Philip. He writes, "His attack was so sudden that his Holiness died without confession, and worse,

worse, worse, (*peor, peor, peor*); may God be merciful to him!"

Sixtus V. thus died precisely at the hour when he had drawn forth the hatred of Philip and his agents, and of the Spanish faction in France, to its fullest intensity. Spanish priests had lately been holding him up from the pulpits in Madrid to the execration of the people as the protector and favourer of heretics. Bandits in the pay of Spain were swarming again over the frontier, to renew the ancient plague of brigandage in as great intensity as ever; and a mercenary rabble, incited by Olivarès, rushed to overthrow the Pope's statue which had been erected by the Senate on the Capitol. The Constable Colonna, however, husband of the daughter of the niece of the Pope, prevented this outrage to his memory.

The Venetian Contarini wrote from Madrid: —

" *Serenissimo Princeps.* The more the death of the Pontiff is here considered, the more every one is pleased. Every one speaks of it with great license and little respect. They think that no one can succeed to the pontificate more hostile to the ideas of this court and less favourable to the party of the League in France."

The inscription on the base of the statue of Sixtus V. says nothing of the great part he played in the service of the Church and in the affairs of Europe, but it records in the following lines the beneficial results of his administration in the city of Rome —

" *Sexto V., Pont Max.*

Ob quietem publicam,

Compressa sicariorum exsulunque

Licentia, restitutam,

Annonae inopiam sublevatam,

Urbem adiuncti viis aqueductis illustratam,

S. P. Q. R."

For besides the suppression of brigandage which Sixtus so energetically carried out, the wonderful activity of the Pope has other claims to attention in connexion with his own dominions. He introduced changes into the Papal institutions, one of which, the limitation of the number of cardinals to seventy and their division into congregations, remains to the present day; and it is by the immense labours which he undertook in the public works and for the improvement of the Roman city that Sixtus now most attracts the notice of posterity. The chapter which Baron Hübner has devoted to a description of Rome in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and to the architectural works of Sixtus V., is one of the most pleasing and in-

structive parts of his book. The city of Rome to the present day bears all over its outward aspect the stamp of the sign-manual of the severe and imperious Pontiff. Art was in his reign no longer in its Medicean prime. No great painters and sculptors remained at his disposal; but he possessed a great architect and a great engineer, Giacomo della Porta and Domenico Fontana, and to these he imparted his own fiery energy. He had, moreover, at command a crowd of workers in metal, moulders, gilders and others, skilful in the ornamental arts to a degree of which they have left evidence in the Sistine and Borghese chapels in Santa Maria Maggiore. It was reserved for Sixtus to have, through Giacomo della Porta, the glory of raising the cupola on the dome of St. Peter's, the model of which had been made by Michael Angelo. Such was the zeal that Sixtus infused into his architect that Giacomo della Porta finished the cupola in two years, to the astonishment of the Roman people. But the most interesting account of all the undertakings of Sixtus V. is that left by Domenico Fontana of the erection of the obelisks. There are at present twelve obelisks in Rome; the first four of these were erected for Sixtus by Fontana. This architect and engineer had been discovered by the Pope in the days of his cardinalate, and he attached him thenceforth to his fortunes. Before the time of Sixtus, the obelisks were all overthrown and lying on the ground, with the exception of that of the Vatican, which was still erect in the neighbourhood of the palace, with its lower part deeply sunk in the earth. This was the first obelisk which the Pope instructed Fontana to move. The operation lasted a year, and its success was celebrated with religious ceremony. The obelisk was purified from its former supposed devotion to the worship of demons, an altar was erected at its base, a bishop sprinkled it with holy water and with a mitre on his head stretched his hand towards the stone and cried, *Exorciso te.* With a knife he traced the sign of a cross on all sides of the plinth, saying, *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.* A cross of iron was consecrated and raised to the summit — the trumpets sounded — the Te Deum was sung. The Swiss discharged their harquebuses, and the cannon and mortars in the place of St. Peter's, and on the Castle of St. Angelo, thundered forth in celebration of the event. There are four inscriptions, one on each side of the base, of which that facing St. Peter's is the most striking.

"Christus vincit,
Christus regnat,
Christus imperat,
Christus ab omni malo
Plebem suam defendat."

The erection of the obelisk in the Lateran was attended with greater difficulty, since it was broken in three pieces; but the fragments were so ingeniously soldered together by Fontana that the fractures are barely visible. Besides this obelisk, that in front of Santa Maria Maggiore and that also of the Piazza del Popolo owed their erection to Sixtus V. The restoration of the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul on their summits, the aqueduct of the Acqua Felice, the fountain of Moses in front of the bath of Diocletian, and several others, the enlargement of the Monte Cavallo, and the transportation there of the fine colossal figures of men and horses, said, but without grounds, to be the work of Praxiteles, the library and frescoes of the Vatican, the *Scala Santa*, and a crowd of other erections and improvements, were accomplished by Sixtus during his brief pontificate, though it must be laid to his charge that he showed little respect for Roman antiquities, and that he destroyed the *Septizonium* of Septimus Severus, in order to use its materials in his own constructions.

Impartial history must, we think, determine that Sixtus V. was a great Pope, and that, on a consideration of the whole results of his pontificate, posterity owes him a debt of gratitude. Had he allowed himself to become blindly the tool of the ambition of Philip II. it is impossible to say what European calamities might not have been the consequence. If Sixtus V. had suffered himself to be coerced into sending a military expedition into France at the time that the Duke of Parma forced Henri IV. to raise the siege of Paris, there can be little doubt that France would have fallen into the hands of Philip, an immense step have been made in the consolidation of his extensive but disjointed monarchy, and Spain might have become the mistress of the destinies of Europe. The Papacy in such case would have been little more than the humble handmaid of Spain, who

would have disposed at will of the whole enormous moral and religious prestige of the Papal authority for the purposes of its own ambition. The King of Spain would have been the virtual Pontiff. Sixtus V. even sarcastically suggested to Olivares that Philip, as it was, had better proclaim himself Pope at once. As for France, whose independence, and whose brilliant and chivalrous genius, have enabled her to play so prominent a part in European civilization, she might, had it not been for Sixtus, have been condemned to many long years of foreign oppression and of horrible convulsions, in the effort to get free from the grinding, crushing, stupefying grasp of Spanish dominion. The long, painful, and courageous resistance of Sixtus V. to the exigencies of Philip II. was thus really a battle delivered on behalf of European freedom, and his victory has proved useful to the progress of humanity. Baron Hubner has, in fact, succeeded in presenting the character and policy of the Pope in a new light; for he was not, as is commonly supposed, the head of the League, and, far from being the tool or the accomplice of Philip II. and the Guises, he held in check their pretensions. Yet he was merciless, vindictive, and implacable, and as his faith in the divine origin of the spiritual tyranny of the Papacy was absolute—he would, had it been possible, have extirpated with fire and sword every Christian in Europe who refused to accept the Papal dogmas. The Inquisition under his rule dealt ruthlessly with every semblance of freedom of thought in Italy, and we have but to look to Spain to imagine what Europe might have become, had the Inquisition done its work as thoroughly everywhere else as it performed it there. Sixtus nevertheless possessed noble and valiant sympathies denied to Philip II., and he confessed, in speaking in the Consistory of his public works in Rome, that he was not insensible to the charms of glory. He was the last great Pope, and would have been owned as a worthy compeer by the greatest of that strange race of men who have successively occupied the chair of St. Peter, and claimed to be the highest incarnations of the Spirit of God upon earth.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND so at last the curtain had fallen. It seems time formally to turn off the lights, to dismiss the audience, and to roll up the green carpet that used to be the outward symbol of a tragedy.

For although all the actors had remained alive at the close, it was a real tragedy that had been played. Two souls had found each other only to learn that their mutual recognition, which should by rights have made the common life of both, hitherto so wasted, whole and complete, meant the final certainty that their separate lives were to be wasted without hope until the end. To natures like theirs, untrained and undeadened by the ordinary experience of the world, longing for completeness and incomplete in themselves, this vain vision of what might have been is a very climax of tragedy. It may be that there are some who need no double soul; and if, as some hold, there is for each one of us a double soul created somewhere in the world, it is very certain that it is given to very few to find theirs. To these—to those, that is to say, who need it not, and to those who do not know their need—the tragedy may seem to have but a tame *dénouement*. But those who have had the rare chance to meet with and to recognize that which has been created for them, whether in time or not in time, will not consider actual death essential to the idea of a tragic close. And yet there is something worse even than this.

Things are not to be measured by the space that they fill in the world, any more than lives are to be measured by the mere flux of hours and days. Every one of us is the centre of the world to himself: and it is his own illusions and hopes and memories—not outward facts—that form the real world of every one. Hugh Lester was as much the centre of the world as the greatest man who ever filled it with the greatest deeds: and his illusions were over. Nor was he one of those dreamers to whom illusion succeeds to illusion, and to whom, when one is dead, another is born. He had staked his whole happiness upon what he now suddenly waked to find the emptiest of dreams. Miss Clare had been right, after all. But life is not altogether like a stage. Even when the play is played out, its lights are never turned off, its audience never dismissed, and its curtain never let fall. Other actors remained, besides Hugh, and Félix, and Marie, who still had something left to do.

Warden waited quietly in his chambers all day, as he had promised: but Félix never came, nor any message from him. Then he went according to his appointment to dine with his friend Major Andrews, and discussed the whole affair. Of course he gave his own version of the story, telling just as much—or rather just as little—of it as he pleased: so that the only question left open was whether he had acted rightly in admitting the claim of his opponent to be treated by him on equal terms. The Major certainly held that, considering the social position of the so-called Marquis—and, though he did not say so, of Warden also—the last resort of gentlemen would in such a case be rather a farce than a tragedy, in which he, for his own part, having regard to his own dignity and reputation, would rather not be an actor.

But he consented to go back with Warden to his chambers to see if anything had happened in the absence of the latter; and was much disappointed to find that a gentleman had called about half an hour since, and was still waiting for Warden's return. But his brow cleared when, on accompanying Warden into the sitting-room, he saw Hugh Lester, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. If a man of his undoubted position and character was willing to act for Félix it gave the matter a different aspect, and made it possible for himself, with a good social conscience, to act for Warden.

Hugh was looking wretchedly pale and ill. He was the mere ghost of the young man who had held the reins from Redchester to Earl's Dene but a few months ago. He rose when Warden entered, but did not hold out his hand.

"Mr. Warden," he said, coldly, "I dare say you are surprised to see me."

"I confess, Lester—but I am glad to see you, all the same. Won't you sit down again? Major Andrews—Mr. Lester."

"We have met before, I think, Major.—I have two matters that I have come about. In the first place—"

"Am I *de trop*?" asked the Major. "Because, if so—"

"Not at all. In the first place, there are stories going about about the disappearance of Miss Lefort."

"With which I am connected. I know it. I presume you scarcely give credit to the crazy fancies of a mad French fidler?"

"Pardon me—I will come to that presently. There is no evidence to connect

you in any serious manner with her disappearance — ”

“ Thank you. I presume you mean that you do not think me a murderer. That is very kind of you.”

“ But, if she is not dead, you must see that it is to your interest to help in tracing her out.”

“ I would help to find the poor girl gladly. But what can I do ? ”

“ Nothing, of course, if you know nothing. I would rather not explain myself more fully. But you know that Miss Raymond is an old friend of mine : and that than my aunt she has no nearer friends.”

“ My dear fellow, I do know nothing. And I do wish you would explain yourself.”

“ By all means, if you wish it. I hear that she — Miss Lefort, I mean — says she is married to you.”

“ She said so ? And to whom, pray ? ”

“ To Monsieur de Créville.”

“ That madman again ! I tell you, Lester, I think it more than strange that you should take his word against mine ! You seem offended with me for some unknown cause which I will not try to guess : but is that a reason for doubting the honour of one who has always tried to be your friend ? ”

“ I have every reason to believe the word of Monsieur de Créville until it is disproved.”

“ And it is disproved, I hope, by my denial.”

“ Surely,” said the Major.

“ No one,” Warden went on, “ can prove a negative. It is for Monsieur de Créville to prove his words — not for me.”

“ I am no match for you in logic,” said Hugh. “ But this I do say, that until the fate of Miss Lefort is discovered, I have quite enough reason, upon the authority of Monsieur de Créville, to do all I can to prevent Miss Raymond from making a fatal mistake.”

“ This is insufferable ! Miss Raymond is her own mistress — though what she has to do with the matter I am at a loss to conceive.”

“ It was you who asked me for explanations — not I who offered them.”

“ And I feel honoured by them, I assure you. But as to this Créville. Has he only to say a thing to be believed ? ”

“ Such a story as his at all events requires investigation.”

“ I tell you what, Lester — you have said enough to provoke any one who wishes you less well than I do. But I will not be provoked in this manner by you. I declare to you, on the honour

of a gentleman, that I know nothing whatever about Miss Lefort more than all the world knows : and that this fellow Créville is either mad or lies. For my own part I believe the latter. He knows my opinion of him : and I am expecting a message from him even now.”

“ You expect a challenge from him ? ”

“ I have already received one.”

Here Major Andrews interrupted.

“ Mr. Lester,” he said, “ perhaps you can be of service here. I have been trying to persuade our friend Warden that he is in no way obliged — expected, I may say — to take notice of such a challenge.”

Hugh was silent for a moment. Then he said, —

“ I beg your pardon, Major. You know me well enough, I hope, to respect my opinion in such a matter ? ”

The Major shrugged his shoulders. “ Well, you can scarcely have my experience,” he replied.

“ But I mean as to whether any friend of mine ought to be treated as a gentleman or no.”

“ Oh, certainly — of course.”

“ Then I so far vouch for Monsieur de Créville that a challenge from him ought to be as much considered as one from me or you.”

“ Indeed ! And who, pray, is this mysterious Monsieur Créville ? ”

“ I know, absolutely, that he is what he claims to be : that in spite of his position he is of as good birth as any of us here, probably of better. You have heard of the Marquis de Créville of the French Revolution ? This is his son.”

It was now Warden who interrupted.

“ The bastard son, you mean,” he said, contemptuously. “ Not, of course, that that makes any difference in this affair.”

The blood rushed to Lester's face at once.

“ Warden,” he said, warmly, “ heaven knows what you mean in what you are doing, or how it is that you know as much as you appear to know. But in what you say I do understand what you mean — and, whatever has happened, I have a right to resent it.”

“ You are a strange fellow. My meaning is perfectly clear.”

“ Only too clear. And — ”

“ You cannot say that I speak without reason.”

“ I can, and I do.”

It was the first lie that Hugh had told in his life, but he told it boldly.

Warden was about to reply, when a note was brought to him by his boy.

"Excuse me," he said, as he opened it. He read it deliberately, and then handed it to Hugh.

"Read this," he said. "You will scarcely now vouch for your friend's courage, if you can for his legitimacy. For my part, I have always, when a man has claimed to be the son of a gentleman but acted like a cur, believed his deeds rather than his words. '*Bon chat chasse de race.*' — You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Hugh read, —

"Owing to circumstances which it is impossible to explain, M. de Croisville begs to inform Mr. Warden that he feels himself bound to withdraw his offer of a meeting between them, and will henceforth not trouble Mr. Warden with any farther correspondence on the subject."

He stared in angry amazement: and no wonder.

"What do you think of your friend now?" asked Warden, as he took the note from his hands and gave it to the Major.

"I'll tell you what *I* think," said the latter. "The fiddler has thought discretion the better part of valour — and so far he has proved himself a wiser man than you!"

But, amazed and angry as Hugh might be, however recreant to his birth his cousin might prove, it was not for him to let the family honour, that now seemed to have been driven back into its last stronghold, die altogether without a last struggle.

"Major," he said, "you evidently know nothing whatever of the matter, or you would speak differently. I will still answer for Monsieur de Créville as a gentleman and as a man of honour, in spite of all appearances."

"I hope so," said Major Andrews. "But, meanwhile, I have a sort of habit of judging by what I see."

"Indeed?" asked Warden. "A gentleman and a man of honour insults me in a room full of ladies, threatens me, bullies me into fighting, and then, at the last moment, sneaks off without an apology!"

"Warden," Hugh answered, "you know, quite as well as I do, that we are not speaking about what we seem to speak. I can see that you know more than I should have supposed: and you must see that it is not the honour of Monsieur de Créville that is in question, but the honour of —" "Miss Clare," he should have added, but stopped short.

"I have heard something strange, certainly — so strange that you must be out

of your senses to speak as you do. Do you, Miss Clare's own nephew, her nearest relation, her probable heir, seriously mean to say that you, of all people in the world, hold this fiddler, as the Major calls him, to be anything but an imposter?"

"What has that to do with it? I mean to say that I, Hugh Lester, am so convinced that Monsieur de Créville is no imposter that I am convinced that he can be no coward and no liar either."

"Major," said Warden, "do you hear?"

"Perfectly. Mr. Lester has put a clear alternative, so far as I understand the matter — which I confess I don't altogether. But it seems to me that he means that either the fiddler lies or —"

"No," said Warden, interrupting him hastily, "I do not mean that." He certainly did not intend to mix himself up in another affair from which he could derive no possible advantage, and with Lester, of all men. Not that he would have been sorry could Hugh also have been quietly put out of the way by some fortunate accident.

"Nor did I," said Hugh, quietly. "But what I wish to say is this, Major. I speak to you as Warden's friend, and I hope not otherwise than as mine. There is far more in this matter than you or any third person can possibly be aware of: and I am sorry that it is quite impossible for me to explain it to you or to any one. Warden knows what I mean, and that is enough. I consider that he has said what ought, in the opinion of any man of honour, to oblige me, if Monsieur Créville, for good reasons of his own, refuses to fight, to take his place, unless Mr. Warden makes a full and satisfactory apology to him and to myself."

"What!" exclaimed Warden: "I apologize to you for having been insulted by M. de Créville?"

"In the name of the devil — this is the most complicated business I ever saw!" exclaimed the Major. "Surely —"

"No," replied Hugh to Warden, "that is mere quibbling. You know what I mean as well as I know it myself."

"You mean that you feel the honour of the Lesters insulted when I call this fellow a bastard? If so —"

"And do you apologize or no?"

"My dear fellow!"

"I am waiting."

"Do you mean to say —"

"Do you apologize or no?"

"Just think — how can I? I appeal to you, Major."

"Then all I can say is that you must

consider me a substitute for Monsieur de Créville. You will hear from me again, unless I hear from you in the course of to-morrow. Good evening."

CHAPTER XV.

HUGH was stung to the very heart. He had already fancied that he had lost his last illusion. But now he found that yet one more had been left to go, and that that also was now gone. The dream that he was loved, even as he loved had gone: and that of itself was bitter enough to bear. He had always more or less wondered, after the manner of such men as he, who are ready to give all things but who claim nothing that is not strictly their due, how it could be that so divine a being as Angélique, who only wanted wings to be a real angel, should have descended from her native sky to one who felt himself to be so much below her in all things—in mind, in courage, and in self-sacrifice: and yet, now that his wonder had become justified, and the angel had actually found her wings and flown away, the waking from his dream was no less sudden and no less harsh. Still the death of love need not mean the death of faith in all that remains, at least in a healthy nature, to which its own self is not the whole world. But then, in that interview with Miss Clare had taken place, not the mere waking from a dream, but the sudden and violent uprooting of all the beliefs and associations of his whole life—of what are far more to a man than his body or his brain. What a lie and a mockery the world must be if the life of her who had always seemed to him so consistent, so strong, so complete in herself, so entirely real in all that she seemed—*tota, teres atque rotunda*—had been, after all, as inconsistent, as unreal, as hollow as he had fancied it the reverse! And where, too, as illustrated in the person of Warden, were gratitude and the friendship of man for man—the most perfect human relation that can exist short of that perfect form of love that is so rare as scarcely to deserve to be taken practically into account? And where, in the person of Félix, was that which he himself, though of course unconsciously, set above love, friendship, and faith—the sense of private honour that, by making a man accountable to himself and to his own ideas of duty, renders him a gentleman? If all the rest had gone, he could still have believed in the natural nobility of blood: and now blood, even that which flowed in his own veins, had proved itself to be no better than ditch-water. In a word, his whole

creed was shattered: and though his own sense of duty remained—or he would have ceased to be Hugh Lester—it remained in truth only in the same way that a member of a persecuted religion, whom reason has rendered false to it in heart, clings to it still before the world simply because it happens to be down. Every woman might be false and unchaste, every man a coward: but the world must not be permitted to say, even with justice, that the Clares of Earl's Dene were no exceptions to the rule.

On that June day, which now seemed so long ago, on which he had travelled down to Earl's Dene in order to stand for Parliament, he had been a believer in all things—seeming and being had been the same. Now, friendship, love, and all the pleasantness of the world—and the world, to those who believe in it, can be very pleasant indeed—had passed from him, and had left life as poor, and as hard, and as barren to him as to Félix himself, whose whole career had consisted of a continual loss of illusion after illusion. Even his outward misfortunes, heavy as they had been, he had been able to bear with a brave, if not with a light heart, vexing himself far more for his wife's sake than for his own. But then he had been upheld by the power of a great love, for which he had proved himself willing and able to sacrifice all other things, and by an intense belief in the glory of that gift of gentle blood of which no outward circumstances, however hostile, could deprive him. He must always be a gentleman by right of birth, even as he was the husband of the divinest woman in the universe by right of good fortune. It was not, of course, that he felt this consciously, but as a part of his very nature. But when Angélique had dealt her cruel blow—cruel to a degree that would have seemed inconceivable to her—blows had set in to rain apace, on the principle that it never rains but it pours.

In a word, his love had proved a dream that had passed, his friendship but a shadow that remained. His intense belief in Miss Clare as in a higher nature, had had to transform itself into compassion for a mere woman, frail and incomplete as others are: and now, what was blood, after all, when the very head of his own house, the only son of Miss Clare herself, had proved himself a coward?

But even so, his faith fought hard. Even as the nature of Marie had a last citadel in its purity, as that of Félix in its love, so had that of Hugh a last citadel in his sense

of duty. It was this sense of duty, apart from any claim of corresponding rights, that, from the beginning of this history, had always, in all things that he had done, acted as the invisible worker of the machine: and it was this that, when the machine was shattered, was left visible among the fragments.

That, in the form which circumstances had compelled it to take, it was exaggerated, that it was distorted, that it was un-Christian, if you will, may be conceded. But the world has always conspired to honour it all the same. Whatever men may say, the man who acts, though blindly, upon principle, however false the principle upon which he acts in itself may be, has always been held to merit well: and while there is no need to impute to Hugh Lester any extraordinary merit—he himself would have been the last to understand any such imputation—it is not for those who, like most of us, are made in far too complex a fashion to be capable of acting, at least consistently, upon any principle at all, to throw stones. It is not, at least for those who are incapable of following his example, to return a verdict of *felo de se* against the suicide of Utica. Rather we must allow that the world, as well as the Church, has a "noble army of martyrs" of its own.

Hugh was one who would have stabbed himself like Cato, and plunged into the gulf like Curtius. But he was not a philosopher: he only felt and acted. And it was his duty now—at least so it seemed to him—in the faith of his own dead belief in all other things, to take upon himself to maintain before the world the truth of that in which he had himself ceased to believe. The day of Earl's Dene was over, but it must not set in disgrace; and if its heir showed himself unworthy, it must be for himself to shield such unworthiness from all other eyes. The day was at hand when Félix Crémille would find himself master of Earl's Dene: and, as it seemed likely, would also find himself, at the same time, unable to hold up his head among men of honour. Félix must reap the reward: but it must be for Hugh to bear the burden and the heat of the day.

The wisdom of all this is another matter. But, wise or not, he was at all events a real man, of an uncomplex and straightforward nature, who was what he was, and could only act in one way. With the addition of brains, it is such men alone by whom the greatest things are done: and it was not his own fault that he had not yet had time to acquire the good sense of ex-

perience, or that he had not been born with the genius that more than supplies the place of it.

In bitterness of spirit, not for himself, but for others—in the very throes of the acquisition of the experience that he needed—he was slowly returning to the home from which he felt only too bitterly that the light had vanished for ever, with his eyes cast down in shame for the new disgrace that, in his opinion, had fallen upon his name, and scarcely seeing where he was going, when he ran full against a man who was blind to his road for an exactly opposite reason—for the reason that he was walking along at full speed, with his eyes fixed, not upon the spot of vacancy that lies upon the ground, but upon that which lies a thousand leagues away. Each begged the other's pardon simultaneously, and the latter was proceeding on his way, when Hugh, who was easily roused from a reverie by any outward circumstance, however slight, and had looked up, suddenly said,—

"I beg your pardon, sir—are you not Monsieur Crémille?"

"That is my name, certainly."

"I thought so. I am Mr. Lester—you know my name, no doubt. Would you let me walk on with you? I have something to say to you."

"Mr. Lester?" asked the other, with a bow; "I ought to have recognized you. I am in a hurry—but—

"I should be really obliged," Hugh interrupted him, with a coldness that was intended to be polite, but was in reality anything but what he intended.

"Could you say it to me now?"

"I am sorry to delay you, if you have anything to do—but the matter is of the most pressing importance. I should have come to you if I had known where you lived."

"I am going home now. If it is not going out of your way, would you come in my direction? I am afraid I can offer you no hospitality, but—

"Do not mention it," said Hugh. "That will be the best way—the street is not the best place for talking in. I will keep what I have to say till we arrive. You will be alone?"

"Quite alone."

The two young men, so nearly related, yet so different in all essential things, walked on in silence, each absorbed in his own thoughts, till they reached the lodgings of Félix. It was late, and the household had retired, so that there was no fear of their being disturbed, for Félix was never

troubled with visitors of the night-bird order. They had to grope their way upstairs in the dark: and when Félix struck a light, after a long search for matches, Hugh saw that the room in which he found himself was littered all over with the preparations that a careless man makes for a long journey.

"I can at all events offer you a chair," said Félix in a tone of intense weariness. "You say that I am on the eve of a journey."

"You are leaving England?"

"For good."

Hugh had of course seen Félix before, but never had occasion to observe him carefully, or even to notice him at all. Now, however, he looked at him with an interest that may be conceived.

He was no physiognomist, and he was prejudiced: so no wonder he was puzzled. The face that he saw was worn and weary, but it was calm, and grave, and resolute: the face of a man who had fought many a hard battle with life, and had lost, indeed, but lost with honour—not that of a man who feared to risk so small a thing as life now seemed to Hugh. Indeed, for that matter, it looked like the face of a man who would hold his life even more cheaply than he. But the foreign air and the general tone with which the artist-life stamps a man so indelibly and so unmistakably, confirmed him in his prejudice. Could this be the son of Miss Clare?

And yet it was plainly so. Strong emotion, like death itself, calls forth hidden resemblances that would otherwise never be suspected. Hugh had seen Miss Clare in the calm that follows mental suffering: and he was startled by a similarity of expression that made the very features seem the same.

Félix appeared to be in no hurry to learn the nature of Hugh's communication. He first of all sat down, and then, suddenly rising, lighted a cigar, and offered another to Hugh.

"They are not very good, I am afraid," he said; "but I can give you a pipe if you prefer it. You are in Bohemia here, you know," he continued, with an attempt at a smile—the very smile that he had seen upon Miss Clare's lips when he had last parted from her.

Hugh found it difficult to begin what he had to say: and yet he was ashamed that he should be obliged to treat with courtesy one whom he held to be so little worthy to be treated even with ordinary respect.

"No, thank you," he said, coldly. "You know what I am? I am the nephew

of Miss Clare. You know something of her?"

"I have seen her."

"I hear you have challenged Mr. Warden to fight a duel?"

"Ah—you come on his part?"

"Not exactly, though I come from him. Am I right?"

"Perfectly. Why do you ask?"

"Because I hear that you have changed your mind."

"That is so also."

"To his great surprise. Have you any objection to let me know why?"

"Yes—the greatest."

"Suppose, then, that I am come on his part. He says that you insulted him publicly, that you forced a duel upon him, and that now, without giving any reason, you refuse to meet him. Is that true?"

"Quite true."

Certainly the previous astonishment of Hugh was nothing to his astonishment at this cool admission.

"You know," he asked, "what you will oblige people to think?"

"Certainly I do. But it will matter very little to me what people say of an obscure musician, or what they think either. I shall be out of reach."

"And you claim to be ——"

"Excuse me—I claim to be nothing. Is that all you have to say?"

"You—the son of—of a French gentleman, will submit to be called ——"

"A coward, you would say? Yes—if people choose to call me so."

Hugh looked at him as a specimen of some new species of animal. This was something more than the ordinary thick-skinned cowardice of one who preferred his skin to his honour. But he could not allow the head of his house so to disgrace himself without making one effort more.

"You will wonder," he said, "since such are your sentiments, why I, who certainly hold others, mix myself up in such an affair?"

"Not the least. You are a friend of Warden's, I suppose."

"And you will give no explanation?"

"I have none to give. I do not choose to fight—that is all."

"Or apologize?"

"That least of all."

"Mr. Créville," said Hugh, "I do not come as a friend of Mr. Warden. I come on my own account—to tell you simply that you *must* go on with this affair—or I. And that whether you are afraid or no."

Félix flushed up with a sudden anger—but it died away as soon as it came.

"Or you?" he asked, in involuntary surprise.

"Or I. It is your duty to carry this through — not for the sake of your honour, for which it seems you do not very much care, but for the sake of that of others. In a very few years' time — however long it may be —"

He paused, in doubt as to whether he should continue or no. Then he went on, —

"Yes, I must speak — it is necessary. Listen to me, and then withdraw your challenge if you please."

Félix looked at him, but with little curiosity. He felt like one whose life is over, and who can never be surprised or interested again.

"There was once a lady," began Hugh, "who lived her whole life long in a country neighbourhood doing good to those about her, and looked up to by the whole country round. She had been married very young, but circumstances had led her to retain her maiden name, and to let her marriage remain unknown. But that was from no fault of hers. Among other of her good deeds, she took up and warmly befriended a man of talent, who through her found a career. This man, however, for heaven knows what end of his own, thought fit to slander his benefactress — to say, in fact, that her marriage had been no marriage, and that her only son — of whose existence she had till then been ignorant — was a bastard. Do you follow me?"

Félix felt his heart sink within him — certainly not from fear, but from a strange presentiment — strange beyond expression.

"What," Hugh continued, "would be the plain duty of that son — how should he act, if not for his own sake, but for —"

"Explain yourself, for God's sake," exclaimed Félix. "Do you mean —" He rose suddenly from his seat, and his heart was beating rapidly.

"Surely not, even if the slander were as true as it is false, to sit down and let it go, as it needs must, forth to the world — surely not, having once challenged the slanderer, to admit its truth by withdrawing his challenge without explanation?"

"Monsieur!" cried Félix, heeding but one thing, "you know my mother?"

"Yes — at least I thought so till this strange conduct of yours made me refuse to think you any son of hers — any kinsman of mine."

"And who is she, then? is it possible? *Grand Dieu!* —"

"Tell me first that you are her son." "Ah, you may trust me — you may be at ease. But tell me —"

Hugh saw how his eyes flashed, how his calmness had changed into earnestness.

"You must have guessed already," he answered, "that I am speaking of my aunt, Miss Clare — of the Marchioness of Croisville."

"And she knows it? She knows —"

"Everything."

The face of Félix fell. "She is my mother — and she has not sent for me."

"She has but just learned it."

"You come from her, then?"

Hugh was embarrassed. He was satisfied: but he could not find it in his heart to tell this man who had been for a moment buoyed up by the instinctive hope that nature, who had denied him happiness, had of her own free will bestowed upon him something better still, that the new hope was as vain as the old.

Plenty of fine things have been said about the relation of mother and child — so many that there is but little left to say. Seeing that its presence or its absence has been of necessity felt by every soul that has ever lived, there is, moreover, no reason why it should be discussed as a matter of psychology. It would be as reasonable as to talk truisms about hunger and thirst — the only other needs which, in their existence and in their phenomena, are common to all mankind. There is no one who requires to be taught anything new about any of these things, for there is no one who does not feel in his own person all that there is to say. But the highest praise that can be bestowed upon this relation is this, that its need and its power are felt most strongly by those who have never consciously known it, or who, having known it, have lost it. When it exists, it exists after the manner of the air, of which the presence, when it surrounds us, is scarcely regarded: when it does not exist, it is felt like the absence of air. Love is like some beautiful foreign atmosphere, of which every wave fills the soul that breathes it with new wonder at every breath: but the affection of the child for the mother is, in every sense — in the most metaphorical as well as in the most literal — the very air of home, which contains no elements of wonder, no strange revelations, which may even pall and weary, but which fills him who is exiled from it with desires that are calm only because they are deep, because they belong to his very nature. And to

him who, like Félix, has never known it at all, it is even more. It seems to be not only a part of his nature, as in the case of other men, but to be filled also with the unknown wonder that belongs to the passion of love itself. It is to him also home—but it is a home that he has never seen: it is as though he were some native of the south or of the east, with an imagination steeped in the beauty which belongs to him none the less because that beauty belongs not to his eyes—none the less because he has himself from his birth upwards been a sojourner in Thule,—in it, but not of it. It becomes to him the blending of passion with calm affection, of actual excitement with the idea of perfect rest—an unknown land, full of the promise of all that the soul desires. He can know nothing of the evil that enters into every human relation, however perfect: on the contrary, he sees a heaven in what to those who have lived in it all their lives is often mere earth against which their souls not seldom rebel. It is when we are by the waters of Babylon that we sit down and weep over the thought of the Zion that has been or that ought to have been ours. To the actual dweller of Palestine the land of his race doubtless appears dull and tame enough, with no greater gifts of honey or milk than belongs to any other country in the world: but to him of the dispersion, whose bodily eyes have never seen it, however much his ears may have heard, it becomes, in the eyes of his imagination, a land flowing with milk and honey indeed.

And they who happen to know what to a Frenchman, above all other men in the world, is contained in the words "*ma mère*," will understand what Félix, this more than half Frenchman, felt when he found himself on the very border of the land which he had desired all the more for never having had even so much as its promise. The idea of all that to the Teutonic mind is contained in that "blessed Teutonic word, *home*," is to the Latin race contained in the no less blessed word "mother," whether they translate it into *madre* or *mère*: and to a good Catholic, as in faith, at least, was Félix, who prays not only to his heavenly Father but to his heavenly mother also, the idea of maternity has a significance greater still. Even Hugh, who was by no means of an imaginative turn, and who took things practically after his fashion, could not help for once being borne behind the scenes. He felt himself to be a usurper of what was not his own, and that he was depriving

Félix of far more than that of which Félix was depriving him. It was he who would in effect have been the loser if their respective conditions had been reversed, and if he, instead of Félix, had been declared the heir, and Félix, instead of himself, had been made the son.

Lost in this new idea, not the less strong because unconscious, Félix forgot all else for the moment. He did not even think of asking her history. What are past outside facts to present emotion? He would as soon have thought of asking the Holy Mother herself for her passport had she deigned to visit him in person.

"And where shall I find her?" he asked; "when will she see me?"

"She has left London by now," Hugh answered: "she is gone home—down to Denethorp. But—well, we must be brothers also." All his doubt had vanished: the heart of Félix was to be read in his eyes. "I am her son too," he continued—"your younger brother. And so we must consult together. Before we think of ourselves we must think how to defend her. And, first of all, how comes it that you, you of all men—a De Croisville, a Clare—should seem to be acting the part of —— There must be some good reason. I have never believed ——"

His calmness, though rather of speech than of spirit, brought back Félix to the earth from the skies. It was too true—he would not face his mother, his father's wife, until he had done what he could to defend her honour. Otherwise, he would come before her, not as her son, but as himself her slanderer, her accuser.

"That I am a coward, you would say? Well, if you had—but you are right. Yes—even she would absolve me now—would hold that I risk my life in a good cause, such as even she would approve. And I shall have no difficulty in finding a second now?"

He held out his hand, which Hugh took gladly.

"Thanks!" replied the latter. "I will return to Warden to-morrow: I will ask you not a single question more. I see that you have guessed her slanderer without my naming him. Are you a good shot?"

Félix shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you ever been out before?"

"Never."

"Well, then," said Hugh, with all the superior air of a man who has stood at his twelve paces over one who has never passed his baptism of fire, "I must tell you what to do. For the present we understand one another—that is enough for

now. I will arrange everything. You will be here to-morrow?"

"Of course—all day. But do not be long. The sooner this is over the better. And if anything should happen—"

"Nonsense—nothing will happen—at least nothing that you mean. You will live happily all the rest of your days, as the story-books say." A strange look came into his eyes, which it was hard to read. "My dear fellow—brother, I ought to call you now—promise me one thing, will you? All sorts of accidents happen, you know—I mean to leave England shortly. When I do so, I rely upon your being to my—to our mother all that I ought to have been. And forgive me for having deprived you of your own for so long. You must not be jealous of me—I am far from having deserved what I have had. But you must deserve it—and that you will I feel sure."

He once more held out his hand.

"Leave England?" asked Félix. "Why?"

"Yes: do you not know—but what does it matter why? There are plenty of reasons, and I have always thought that a colonial life would suit me best. One's hands are good for something out there. And—as I have no intention of returning immediately—do you promise?"

"With all my heart—whether you go or no."

"And you forgive me?"

"No—I thank you for having been to her what I have not been able to be—what you must be to her still. But—"

He paused. Then, "I scarcely know how to say it," he went on; "but, since you speak of emigrating—"

"Well? Is there anything strange in the idea?"

"To put it plainly—I know nothing of your laws—but I am doing you no injury?"

"Doing me an injury! How so?"

"I will not come between you and her in any way. I will be to her but one son the more. But it is you who are her eldest son, not I, who am now but just born. You shall not be poorer by me, either in affection, or in—"

"Oh," interrupted Hugh, "that's all right. You needn't be afraid in that way."

"You are quite sure?"

"I give you my word."

"It is not because of me that you leave England?"

"Not the least in the world. Does my letting you know of your birth look like

it? Do men run against their own interest like that?—And now, if you please, I will take a cigar."

He smiled as he spoke. But the smile belied the words—at least so it seemed to Félix. Then, with another cordial pressure of the hand, the two cousins, or rather brothers, bade each other good-night, and Hugh Lester once more went on his way. A load was off his mind, and he could once more breathe freely, although he had now told his second lie.

CHAPTER XVI.

So Hugh Lester was relieved in mind, so far as regarded the safety of the last citadel of his social creed. That was safe. But otherwise the complications that surrounded it, like the intrenchments of a besieging army, had only made the position of the garrison more insecure. In plainer words, his duty never to surrender while life still remained in him, was rendered a hundred times clearer to him than even before. He had been willing to fight for the honour of Earl's Dene, more dear to him by far than Earl's Dene itself, as a matter of duty when the spirit of loyalty had departed: now, the enthusiasm of loyalty had revived, and he was to do battle not only for the creed that he professed, but for his belief in his creed—for living persons as well as for dead ideas.

His motives, for one of his naturally straightforward nature, had become terribly complex: and none the less so in that he made not the slightest attempt to unravel them. There is nothing so difficult as the attempt to put into words the opposing elements that direct the conduct of one who himself is incapable of self-analysis—of winnowing his own chaff from his own corn. Doubtless, to one who had loved so well and had lost, and worse than lost, so utterly, life did not seem particularly worth keeping; and therefore, in such a man, the risk of life for the sake of others is scarcely in itself particularly deserving of praise. But still the mere instinct of self-preservation, in a young and healthy man, is so strong by its very nature, that however worthless life itself may seem, the innate desire to retain it does not really, in practice, lose any of its real influence. It does not occur to men like Hugh Lester, strong in body and sound in mind, to actively court death because life has betrayed them. Disgust with life may indeed aid the spirit of self-sacrifice: but the spirit of self-sacrifice is none the less divine for being aided by a mere earthly influence. On the contrary, a touch of

earth renders humanly pathetic what else were too divinely sublime.

Félix, then, had proved himself to be a true Clare: to be in no wise wanting in the sense of honour that, in his cousin's eyes, ought to be inseparable from one who bore what to the latter was the very name of names. "*Non solum nomine Clarus*" — the motto over the iron gates of the lodge — expressed the very basis upon which any one who claimed to be a Clare should found his claim. Until he had so proved himself, it was necessary that he should be stung to the proof: but now that the proof was no longer needed, it was for Hugh to put himself to the proof still more. If the reader, as is possible, does not quite see the drift of all this, he must be content to wait for the explanation: for the conduct of men like Hugh Lester is to be explained by deeds, not words. Consciously, his whole feeling amounted to this: that it was for himself, not for Félix, to be the sacrifice, since a sacrifice seemed to be needed, to the honour of the name: and he excused himself — for what young man who is inclined to pride himself upon his common sense and freedom from sentimental nonsense will ever own even to himself that his motives savour of the heroic and of the unworldly? — on the ground that his own life had become worthless, and that it must not, under any circumstances, be open to the world to say that he had forced another into a duel in order that he might profit by his death.

And so he walked back to his home — or rather to what had been his home: for the last words of his wife had turned it into a mere place in which to feed and sleep. She had gone to bed, and he, who would have remorselessly disturbed from the sweetest of dreams one whose thoughts he believed to be his thoughts, and whose interests, of the heart as well as of outer life, to be no other than his own, now, in a sort of pity for what he felt she must herself have suffered, would not even run the risk of waking one whose ways and thoughts could never even so much as seem to be his again — and which in reality had never been his at any time. He therefore, having just glanced at her, shading the light that he held in his hand that it might not break her sleep, lay down upon a sofa in their sitting-room to wait for his own share of slumber, and his own holiday of dreams. His rest, however, was not of long duration, though fatigue and excitement made it, while it lasted, deep and sound. The earliest morn-

ing light woke him with its cold: and then he rose once more and went again into the streets, one more wanderer to swell the number of those whom bankruptcy in happiness has rendered poor. He could not stay indoors and think out his thoughts deliberately within four walls: and the hour to act his thoughts had not yet arrived.

Angélique in her turn woke also: and, in the interval between dreaming and waking, missed her husband from her side. And now ensued a phenomenon which will certainly not seem to be the less strange because it happened to be true. It is not only in the hearts of women that what is strange is true, and that what is true is strange.

The reader, it is to be feared, was never so much in love with the heroine of the first book of this history as he ought to have been — as Félix, the inconstant, had once been, and as Hugh, the constant, in spite of all things, was still. It has already been said, in that same first book, that the charm of a beautiful woman is a thing not to be described: and accordingly she, like many another woman who wins hearts, may have provoked a little wonder at her success in two such diverse cases. Almost every woman who is gifted by nature with her kind of influence is a standing mystery to those who by circumstance or by good fortune do not fall within it: and verbal descriptions of those who are so gifted must necessarily appear as inconsistent with the actual effect of their magic upon men as the hideous pictures of the last queen of Scots with which art has favoured us are with the actual history of her whom they represent. But this is a simple narrative of facts, not of theories: and that Angélique, who, poor girl, could neither hinder her heart from keeping all its warmth for its owner, nor her hands from grasping at the main chance, should gain the love of two men, is no more against fact, and experience, and nature, than that the face of Queen Mary, as we know it, should have gained that of scores. If the lover sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, he may far more easily see in a stone that muscle which, for some arbitrary and traditional reason, has been accepted as the seat of the soul. But the fact is — and this is no mere truism, seeing that it is denied every day — that every woman is a woman after all. Though the reader may not have fallen in love with Angélique, he has gone very far astray indeed if in her he has admitted the possibility of there being such a thing

as a wholly consistent woman, any more than, as his own experience will doubtless tell him, there is such a thing as a wholly consistent man. Consistency is a very phoenix, that exists wholly in fiction: and since it is wholly false to nature, it should not by rights be found even there.

And as every woman is a woman, neither more nor less, *Angélique*, in spite of her general superiority to her sex, was, being a woman, no exception to this universal rule. She was no phoenix, though *Félix* and *Hugh* had thought her so.

Most assuredly she had spoken with her whole heart when she had called her husband a fool. What else could she think him? But there are fagots and fagots, and there are fools and fools. Insane, or rather idiotic, as his conduct had been in submitting to throw away his and her chances for a mere idea, when by playing his cards decently well he might have won every trick upon the board, still he had done what she would never have had either the strength or the courage to do: and strength and courage, even though they be exercised in folly, will have their weight even with the wise. The most sensible of women is bound to respect the most insane of men whose insanity comes from an innate power of will to do that which he ought, come what may. It is just those who have not any particular virtue that respect that particular virtue the most of all, on the same principle as that on which one of *Lessing's* heroines judged extravagance to be her lover's only fault, because economy was the only virtue that she had ever heard him praise. So it is the libertine who stands most in awe of the chaste nature for which he professes scorn and disbelief: and it is the weak woman, strong only in impulse, who is most impressed by the sense of justice and of respect for the rights of others which belongs to and is the sign of a strong man. With all her contempt, with all the rebellion of her nature, *Angélique* unconsciously felt that she had found her master: and it may safely be said that she had never despised less than when she seemed most to despise. Even as it is womanliness—that is to say, to go to the root of the matter, purity of soul—and not outward beauty, that most attracts and subdues a man, so it is manliness—that is to say, not intellect, but courage and truth—that most subdues a woman.

Love in its fulness, which is nothing else than perfect sympathy, it may be that she was incapable of feeling: that is given but to very few men or women to feel: it is

the privilege of souls that dwell in a far more ethereal atmosphere than that in which it is given to most of us, and not only to *Angélique*, to dwell. But of that sort of love that is felt, if such things feel, by the ivy for the tree round which it climbs, she, being woman, felt the need even as other women do, whether they are capable of the higher love or no. It may safely be said that she was capable of following the greatest villain upon earth through an ocean of villainy so long as by strength he showed himself her master: and she was capable of following her master, whenever he came, even though he showed the strength, not of evil, but of a nature of which her understanding could not conceive. And now she had not only found her master, but her instinct began to tell her, though not in words that she could hear, that it was so.

And so, when she found herself awake, she also, for the first time in her life, felt herself alone.

If so gross and prosaic a comparison—gross enough and prosaic enough to be worthy of *Dick Barton* himself—may be pardoned in speaking of so subtle and unprosaic a thing as woman's soul, then let it be said, in the face of bathos that indulgence in violent passion is very like indulgence in brandy; it is the precursor of a terrible next morning—all the more terrible to those who are accustomed to the water of the cold springs of life for their daily beverage. *Angélique* had often had her fits of ill-humour, as *Marie* and her poor father had well known; but she had very rarely, if ever, been in a passion before. Her scene with *Warden*, in which she had certainly not been herself, returned to her in anything but pleasant colours to brighten the misty morning that filled the room; and she lay turning it over in her mind for a good half-hour, in the same way as, to continue the comparison, a man, temperate by habit, turns over when he awakes, and strives self-tormentingly to recall, the words that he spoke and the deeds he did when wine betrayed him the night before. She would have given much to have been able to rise in the light of kind eyes, and to have been able to support herself upon a strong hand.

But she arose, as she awoke, to be alone—to touch no strong hand, to meet no kind eyes, and she missed them as careless eyes miss some piece of furniture from a room that they had never noticed while it was there—some flower from the table where it had been daily placed by careful but uncared-for hands. In such a case, the feel-

ing of want goes very deep indeed—it becomes a feeling of desire. Unconsciously, she could not but feel, and therefore could not but be touched by, the devotion that had been hers—that might have been hers all her life long: a devotion not of weakness, not of a slave to a mistress, but of a husband to a wife. It was the waking of the instincts of the woman in her, which must have come about some time, even though they came late—even though she had begun her life as it were, at the wrong end, and had to travel through it backwards.

And so at last she rose and dressed herself, without the elaborate care that she had always been in the habit of expending upon her toilette even when there had been no eyes to see the result of her good taste in such matters, and the artistic skill with which, even when there was scarcely a crust for breakfast—as had sometimes happened—she could still come down to the crust as if she were the lady of a great country-house about to meet her guests over a breakfast à l'*Ecossaise*. If her husband held a creed, she had held one also: it was first, above all things, "I believe in Angélique;" it was secondly, if even secondly, "I believe in Angélique as turned out by Madame Jupon." But, on this occasion, she descended in a costume that was almost Bohemian in its negligence. Had Hugh been there to see, he would scarcely have believed but that the fairies, who change children at nurse, had for once taken it into their capricious heads to change a full-grown young woman. Her feeling, or rather her presentiment—for her reason by no means despaired—of failure in the great object of her life, and her sensation of loneliness when she most wished not to feel alone, had made all exertion, even the slight and habitual exertion of dressing herself becomingly in her own eyes, an impossibility. She almost felt anxiety itself: for Hugh, except when prevented by the laws of his country and the will of his creditors, had never been absent from her without good cause and ample explanation. She felt sure that something must have happened out of the common; and, in her nervous condition, no news necessarily meant ill news. She at last, having sent away her breakfast uneaten, even had to confess to herself that she feared some misfortune, not to her plans, but to him whom she had hoped to make the instrument of them, and who had deceived her hopes so unpardonably. She did not recall her own words so Hugh; she did not feel the force of the bitter words, "Too late;"

she only felt a vague sense of evil that she was powerless to foresee or to prevent. Had Hugh himself been there, she would have, without even a struggle on the part of her old self-sufficiency, have yielded her sceptre to him simply because she was a woman and he a man.

But, as it was, with all her weakness growing weaker still, and with all her need for the protection of love gaining strength hour by hour, she was doomed to wait. It was in truth too late: he for whose return she now almost longed did not return. Then came a terrible fear that her chains were broken. And yet he surely could not have left her for a foolish word, the very nature of which she had herself forgotten—that she could not remember whether she had ever uttered or no? Surely the power that had gained so utterly could suffice to retain. In a word, jealousy had come to make even stronger her experience of what it means, not to be, but to feel, alone.

It was her own Nemesis, that, unless the Fates are exorable, must last not a day, but for many days. The doom of Eve was upon her, that "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

CHAPTER XVII.

FÉLIX also waited. As may well be imagined, the sleep that had come so soundly to Angélique, and so partially to Hugh, had not come in any form to him. He was in a state of nervous tension, in which it was impossible for him even to close his eyes. But though he did not dream, in the literal sense of the word, he dreamed waking dreams without number. He had the temperament which forms a perpetual link to unite the present with the past; and many things in his own nature that had often baffled the self-analysis to which he was so prone now became to him plain and clear. It seemed to him—that it was probably the result only of imagination setting in a particular direction—that he had some recollection of a beautiful and stately lady even before his first recollection of Aunt Cathon, or even of the vision of the clothes-lines from which he chose to date his birth. He tried to make his fancy in this matter square with the old lady whom he had seen, but scarcely noticed, at the house in Park Lane, and even persuaded himself that he succeeded. This new story contained for him a romance such as he had never dreamed of even in the Angélique days: as for Marie—well, he dared not let his mind wander to her more than it insisted upon doing,

whether he dared or no. That was a romance no more, but a fatal reality, that made him turn to the idea of his mother as the last refuge of a heart that had been forcibly turned back upon itself, and had failed hitherto in every effort to find what it desired. He had found his soul only to lose it for ever: but this new discovery seemed to his fancy, excited by the idea of what was unknown to him, as though it must needs prove a revelation to make in some unknown way, the crooked places of his life straight, and its rough places plain.

As to the duel in which he found himself engaged after all, he was almost inclined to be grateful to fortune that put it in his power to come to his mother not empty-handed, but as having been chosen above all other men to be the defender of her fame. It was of course no less out of the question that his should be the hand to take the life of the husband of Marie now than it had been yesterday. But it was not necessary for him to take life: it was only necessary to risk his own, which was a very different matter. He had, as it were, only to suffer, not to do: and though suffering is in general harder than action, it was in his case a relief—it was a compromise in which every part of his duty seemed to meet, and to find mutual support. And so he positively longed impatiently for the entrance to his new life to open itself before him, though the janitor by whom the doors were to be thrown open came in the guise of death himself. Difference of nationality, too, doubtless had something to do with the matter. Hugh, the Englishman, did not court risk, even when risk was most indifferent to him: he simply accepted it, no less than he would have accepted it had life been wholly a thing to be desired. But Félix, whose more nervous temperament might, were his life beautiful in his own eyes, have made him, not as a coward, but as a free chooser between good and evil, avoid death as “the terminator of delights and the separator of companions,” actually made him court danger, and made him, in truth, like one of his knightly ancestors to whom “the danger's self were lure alone.”

But he, no less than his old mistress, waited also for the coming of Hugh in vain. Hour after hour passed by as he wished and dreamed, but still the expected message did not come. At last the morning grew into the afternoon, the afternoon into the evening, and found him waiting still. For aught that the day had brought him, the

history of the evening before might have been the story of a dream.

And yet—had not the history of his whole life been as the story of a dream—if not more in reality than the histories of all other men, yet more, at all events, in seeming? Might he, to whom art and love had themselves been mere dreams and nothing more, flatter his soul that what was as yet but a mere dream, by its very nature should turn out to be a reality? He was never a good hand at waiting, and at last his impatience fairly got the better of him. It was a mere chance that he did not set out either for Denethorp or for the Jura—at all events, that he did not cut the Gordian tangle in which all things seemed to have knotted themselves, by the flight, not of a coward from the field, but of a weary man from the world.

But as in all black humours, so in his—“fling but a stone, the giant dies.” And, in truth, the sudden hammering upon his door, that roused him from the dreams that had begun in rose colour to end in sable when the sun had set, was literally like nothing less than a shower of many stones. It was the signal of the arrival of Dick Barton, and of Dick Barton alone. An ordinary being is content, when he visits the lodgings of a friend, with a formal tap: but the Bohemian of Bohemians always advanced to a visit as if he were attacking the gate of a fortress with a battering-ram.

And Dick Barton it proved to be, though such a Dick Barton as would have astonished considerably his fellow-orators of Shoe Lane. His face, which generally seemed to be neither with nor without a beard, was cleanly shaven; and the soap that such an operation renders a matter of necessity for the chin, seemed to have extended to the very roots of his hair, which also shared in this remarkable piece of philistinism. That it had actually been brushed and combed would be perhaps too much to say: but it had plainly, though but in fancy, beheld the vision of a brush, and evolved, though but from its inner consciousness, the idea of a comb, like the German philosopher who, without ever having seen one, trusted to his inner soul to evolve the idea of a camel. His clothes also, which generally looked as if they had been put on thirty years ago, and left to take their chance ever since, were now sufficiently arranged to give their wearer the air of the patron of a country dealer in second-hand garments: his coat seemed to be a marvellous specimen of misfit, not from carelessness, but from being worn by a man to whom a coat was a coat, and

nothing more. And, besides all this, while one of his hands was dingy, to say the least of it, up to the very finger nails inclusive, the other, by its comparative redness, seemed to show that the grimness of its fellow was not, as there had hitherto been good reason to suppose, its natural hue. It was the phenomenon of the hyacinth over again. In fact, the transformation was so remarkable—for any inconsistent change, in the case of a man who is always in appearance the same, amounts to a transformation in the eyes of those who know him well—that some had been reminded of the fable of the lion in love, others of that of the spaniel and the ass. Some marvellous influence must have been at work to induce Dick Barton to pare his nails, and so far to imitate the arbitrary ways of fashion as to insert the proper button of his waistcoat in its proper hole. One rash member of the staff of the "Trumpet," who was celebrated for the happy style of his badinage, asked him that very morning if the Mrs. B. that was to be was a brunette, that he in obedience to the law of contrast thought it his duty to become blonde: but he only answered by a growl that proclaimed him to be the lion still, and by an anathema upon woman-kind at large that, it is to be hoped, proved him, in his judgment of them, to be the less noble quadruped after all.

Félix himself could not but be aware of some sort of change, though he judged rather from general effect than from details. In fact, to see in Barton even the most remote tendency to the externals of respectability, was sufficient to impress the least observant eyes.

"Well," said his visitor, with an unwonted air of having something to say, and yet of not being able to say it, "what's the last news with you? At all events, you're alive—that's something. Do you know why I came here? I wanted to try my hand at the penny-a-line business, and thought I might have come in for a coroner's inquest—and I don't even see an empty poison-bottle. And if you have been indulging in charcoal, why, all I can say is, that charcoal smells monstrously like tobacco. And so—Well, this is a world of disappointment, and it serves us right, into the bargain. What is your philosophy?"

Félix knew his old comrade too well not to know that the latter had been right when he said in effect, that he expressed by laughter very much what other men would more consistently express by tears. And on this occasion the laughter was far

too forced not to contradict itself: not to be as sorry as the jest that was supposed to give it rise.

"My dear Barton," said Félix, holding out his hand, "my philosophy is simply this—that, so far as my own experience goes, candles are a great deal more valuable than the stakes for which we play by the light of them. But I am also sure that, having once shared in the deal, we ought fairly to play our hand out, whether we hold good cards or no."

"The devil it is! I for one don't see any ought in the matter. On the contrary, it seems to me that we have to sit down, and play the game out, whether we will or no—whether the devil stands at our elbow to turn our common cards into trumps, like some people we know, or whether we are left to the help of our own unaided stupidity, like you and me. But what the deuce is the matter with you? You have grown as oracular as the Cumæan Sibyl, and as epigrammatic as myself."

"Do you remember —?"

"Remember? Only too well. If I could get rid of this confounded memory of mine —. By the way, what do you think of women?"

"Of women?"

"Yes—of women. For my part, I think them enough to provoke a saint, let alone a devil. By all the gods and goddesses to boot, I *did* hope that Cram Wardeon would somehow get what he deserved, though I wouldn't be friendly enough to you to help the rascal send you to another and a better world. I call it better, simply because it isn't this world of ours: it couldn't be worse. Why, in the name of that quarter of the better world that men call hell, didn't you let me deal the cards in my own way? Any way, I would so far have dealt him what he deserved, that he, at least, should not escape whipping—to give a mild name to the soundest thrashing that was ever enjoyed by man."

"Barton," asked Félix, "can you be serious for a moment? You are my friend, I know: and now you are more my friend than ever."

"I should think so—if it had not been for me, there would have been a coroner's inquest after all. But can I be serious, you ask me? I haven't much cause to be anything else, I should fancy. "*Virtus laudatur et alget*"—half the Greek in England is to be found in Saragossa Row. I offered to pay for my dinner only yesterday with a Greek Epigram, as good as any in the whole Anthology; and—would you believe it?—the cur of a waiter, in-

stead of handing me a hundred pound note in change, demanded an additional fifteen-pence."

"Yes," continued Félix, not heeding his talk, which, more random than ever, as though, like the cuttle-fish concealing itself from its foes, he was striving to hide in a thick cloud of meaningless words some new feeling of which he was more than half ashamed. "You know in what way I mean. The brother of Marie is mine also. And now —"

"Bah! Because I advised a woman not to bathe in the Thames till the weather was warmer?"

"Is she with you still?"

"Yes — one can scarcely turn even so much as a woman out into Saragossa Row. Oh, you need not be jealous —" and he turned his face away suddenly with a sigh.

Félix looked up quickly. Could Barton also be a dreamer of dreams — could he, this incarnation of iambics and brandy — but the thought was too absurd.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he continued: "fancy Mrs. Cram Warden turning out to be Miss Esther Barton. I am certainly well off for a brother-in-law — almost as well as he."

Félix looked at him again. Was the thought so absurd after all?

"I do not know what my fate may be," he went on: "I only know that it must be for ever apart from hers. I am denied the right of even obeying her. But come what may, she must not be left at least without some one to defend her rights — some one

to shield her, so far as may be, from harm. When I left her yesterday — you know how — it was with an intention of burying myself from the world, but not so deeply but that I might still watch over her whom — But now, even that is denied me. This may be the last time that you and I may ever meet. Let me, whatever happens, feel secure that you will be to her what I meant to be: I have no right to ask you, I know — but —"

"What — I? I who am not fit to take care of this carcase called Dick Barton — whom no man would trust to the extent of three penny-worth of gin? You trust Marie — Esther — to me?"

"Yes — to you."

"Then I say, yes, by God!"

He rose up at once from his chair, and tossed back his rough hair like a newly-wakened lion tossing back his mane. Félix could almost see a new strength bracing the limbs that nature had rendered so strong, as if in mockery to show how useless and ill bestowed her gifts may be.

But before he had time to reply, the door opened, and Hugh Lester entered hastily.

"I thought you would never come," said Félix. "Is it settled? When is it to be?"

"It is all settled," Hugh answered, without observing the presence of Barton. "On Friday fortnight I meet Mark Warden on Calais sands."

"You?"

"Yes — I."

THE NEWS HALF A CENTURY AGO. — THE *Omaha Republican* reproduces from the *Canton (Ohio) Repository* of August 24, 1815, this item of news of that day:

FROM FRANCE.

DEFEAT OF BONAPARTE.

GREAT BATTLE IN BELGIUM.

LORD WELLINGTON WITHIN TWO DAYS' MARCH OF PARIS.

ABDICTION OF BONAPARTE.

BOSTON, August 5, 1815. — The brig Abel-line, Captain Wyer, has just arrived from France and brings Paris papers to June 23. They contain

Official Accounts of the Great Overthrow of the Whole French Army, On the 18th of June, with the loss of all its cannon, baggage and stores;

The rapid flight of Bonaparte;

The abdication of the throne;

The choice of a provisional government of nine persons;

The declaration of the emperor, to wit:

"Frenchmen: In commencing war to support the independence of the French nation, I calculated upon the support of all. I had reason to hope for success, and I have braved all the denunciations of the powers against me. Circumstances are changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France.

"*My Political Life is Ended*, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II, Emperor of the French.

"Done at the palace of Elysium, the 22d of June, 1815.

NAPOLEON."

BOSTON, August 5, 1815. — It appears by Wellington's official account of the battle fought at Waterloo, in Belgium, that Bonaparte was defeated with a loss of 20,000 killed and wounded, 200 cannon and two eagles. The loss on the part of the allies is also severe.

The same paper contains Wellington's report in full.

Translated for The Living Age.
FRITZ REUTER.*

AMONG German writers of the present century, no one has found such speedy, and at the same time well-deserved, recognition, as Fritz Reuter.

This popularity is the more remarkable, because Reuter writes in a dialect, which, since the general introduction of the High-German language, during the last century, has only occasionally and shyly crept into print. When it has thus appeared, it has been mainly as the garb of low-comedy, and confined to limited localities.

With the disappearance of the Low-German language from literature, disappeared, to a great extent, the recognition of its historical authority and significance. It was thought suitable for common, and only for common, people, and many an aristocratic nose has been turned up in contempt at the round, rough, hard, full-toned syllables of the honest Plattdeutsch.

The general ignorance of the subject became so great, in course of time, that the opinion obtained credence, here and there, that the Plattdeutsch language was only a corrupted High-German. Nothing could be more erroneous, since, as every student of language and of history must be aware, the Low-German language, as a graft of the Old-Saxon on the German stock, was the ruling language, in the whole of Northern Germany, at the time when the present High-German language, — which owed to Luther's translation of the Bible, not only its rapid extension, but, in a certain sense, its very creation, — had not yet obtained general acceptance.

When we say that, "in a certain sense," the new High-German language owed its creation to the great reformer, we must not be understood to say that he, as an individual, could create a new language. That were beyond mortal power to accomplish. It is to be supposed that Luther, possessed by the desire of making his great work accessible and intelligible to all the German races, must have sought a language in which the dialects of upper and lower Germany could be molten together, as through a uniting medium.

This uniting medium he found in the written language of the Electoral court of Saxony, of which he observes, that "all the German Kings and Princes follow it," and which he therefore calls "the common German language," likely to be understood either in upper or lower Germany.

* Frehse's "Wörterbuch zu Fritz Reuter's Sammlichen Werken."

To this day, the Low-Germans, in many regions, call the High-German language the "Missingch," that is "Meissenisch," from Misnia in Saxony.

The new High-German has, through its use in literature, been limited almost entirely to educated people, and has never become the spoken language, or dialect, of any particular race of Germans. As the recognized Schriftsprache, or written language, of all, it has served as a bond of Union between all the German races, and was, until lately, almost the only bond.

All the old treatises and documents, from the "Sachsen spiegel" (ancient code of Saxon laws) of the Ritter Eike von Repgow, to the Laws of Lübeck and Magdeburg, all the sources of history which have sprung out of the North German soil, with the exception of those composed in Latin, are written in the Nieder or Plattdeutsche Sprache, and it was only by degrees, in the course of years, that the High-German obtained the ascendancy over her older Plattdeutsch sister. Though the honest old Plattdeutsch has been crowded out of literature and jurisprudence, out of the pulpit and the schools, it still lives in the mouth of the people, in the streets and the markets, in the work-shop, behind the plough, and upon the sea. Even in many families of the upper classes, it is handed down, from our generation to another, as the medium of the most trustful and familiar intercourse.

With the disappearance of the language from literature, there could not fail to ensue great confusion in its writing. With the distinct, visible picture of the language, vanished also its rules, and it was written as capriciously as a newly formed dialect.

It is in this language that Fritz Reuter writes.

If in spite of this circumstance, Reuter's works have found a circle of readers, extending from year to year, far beyond the circuit of his native province, over the whole of the North, and even through the southern part of Germany, they must contain something, which makes it worth one's while to pierce through the rough and uninviting husk of the language, to the sweet kernel within. This is, indeed, the case.

Many seek only for the comic, or rather humorous element, in Reuter's writings, and they do not seek in vain. But such a reader is to be pitied, if he find merely what he seeks, — if, after reading these volumes, he does not acknowledge

that he has found what he did not look for, but what is far nobler than mere humour,—real poetry. Reuter, like every truly healthy, strong and manly nature, appreciates humour, and has an uncommonly happy gift for it, but the comic is never his special end. His sportive humour furnishes only the natural vehicle for the colors, with which he paints, with the brush of a true artist, those life-like pictures, which astonish us by their freshness and beauty. The comic is only in the manner; it serves as the medium by which the most serious things are introduced; especially is this the case in most of the "Alle Kamellen" stories. The author often slips aside his laughing mask, and shows, beneath it, a deeply earnest, even sorrowful, face. Deep glances into human nature unexpectedly present themselves to the astonished reader, so deep and true, and often startling in their fidelity, as only a born poet, a searcher and knower of the human heart, can reveal. Even amid the bright and seemingly thoughtless play of humour, a gentle tone of sadness often trembles through the joyous laughter, touching the deepest emotions in the heart of the reader. And then his truth to nature, his distinctness and simplicity, his absolute freedom from all morbid sentimentality, artifice or effort! On the apparently so prosaic and mountainous soil of Mecklenburg, which serves as the stage, move these homely, rough, honest, Plattdeutsch burghers and peasants, as actors in the play, which wavers between broad comedy and deep tragedy, holding, however, from the first word to the last, the fixed attention of the spectator. When the curtain falls, everyone feels that a piece of real, warm, fresh life has been acted before them. These forms, which in their exquisite truth to nature, step out before the reader, like portraits from their frames,—we know them all. We have met them already, in real life, and we greet them as old acquaintances.

The writings of Reuter occupy in literature a place analogous to that of the Dutch school in painting. As even the pencil of a Sanzio might not be able successfully to reproduce the creations of a Van Dyk, an Adrian van Ostade, or a Wouverman, so even a master like Goethe has failed in his efforts to transplant into High German the "Thier Epos" of Low Germany, the Flemish "Reinart de Vos," or the Low Saxon "Reinike," without losing the ancient "forest odour," which, to employ Grimm's expression, is wafted to our

senses from these fables in their original form.

The native of North Germany, dwelling in a foreign land, separated not only by wide distances but by long years from the place where once his cradle stood, will find in Reuter's works a peculiar enjoyment, beyond that of other Germans. The bells of his childhood will echo in his ear, his spirit will traverse, on rapid wing, the wide spaces and the long years, back to his native home, and the sweet recollections of youth. He will hold silent communion with his own heart, and his lips will whisper, in gentle sadness, the words of another poet:—

" Aus der Jugendzeit, aus der Jugendzeit,
Weckst Du mir Bilder wunderbar;
O wie ist so weit, wie ist so weit
Was mein einst war! "

" Happy youthful days, happy youthful days;
How your wondrous visions round me shine;
Ah, how far away, so far away,
Joys that once were mine! "

From The Saturday Review.
COWPER.*

It is not very difficult to point out the causes which have made Cowper one of the most popular among English poets. The purity both of his subjects and of their treatment, the pietistic tone which still endears him to the great religious party whose cause he delighted to plead, his domestic sympathies, his love of rural life, his common sense, the clear crisp English of his poems, have all had their part in his success. But there are of course far deeper causes than these. There are few intellectual qualities which are more delightful than humour, and Cowper was essentially a humourist. The humorous essays in the *Connoisseur* are his earliest prose compositions; "John Gilpin" is undoubtedly his most popular poem. His letters are models of polite fun—a fun as genuine and pleasurable as it is distinct from the wit of Horace Walpole. It is the humourist who "welcomes peaceful evening in" with stirred fire and closed curtains, and the urn steaming beside him; who finds his pleasure in peeping "through the loopholes of retreat at such a world" as the Babel around him; who lies awake half the night convulsed with

* *Poetical Works of William Cowper*. Edited by William Benham, Vicar of Addington. Globe Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

laughter over his friend's story, and rises next morning to pen the famous ballad of the ride to Ware. The well-known legend of the origin of the "Task" brings out the air of light, cheerful badinage which was natural to the man. Cowper asked Lady Austen for a subject. "You can write upon any subject," laughed his friend; "write upon this sofa." And Cowper at once begins, with a smile upon his lip,

I sing the Sofa, I who lately sang
Faith, Hope, and Charity!

and rambles on with a humourist's waywardness, the waywardness of Rabelais or Tristram Shandy. His poetic tone is heightened and set off in the verses that follow, as in others it is cramped and controlled, by the shrewd eye of a man of the world. Whether he wanders, indeed, beneath "the cool colonnade" of poplars, or drapes himself in the censor's mantle, one discerns always beneath poet or pictist the same keen, quiet observer of the fancies and fashions of men. Cowper is the predecessor of Crabbe as a painter of real life, but his touch is finer, his humour and sensibility truer and more delicate. Scattered everywhere over his pages are vignettes of men and women as perfect in outline and tone as those of Addison. When the wind blows open the gypsy's rags and discloses "a tawny skin, the vellum of the pedigree they claim," one almost fancies Mr. Spectator is again chatting with Sir Roger de Coverley and the fortune-teller. It is especially in his social figures that he recalls for us the neatness and precision of the great essayist. The group round the card-table, the chess-player with his "eye as fixed as marble," the art-connoisseur at an auction, Sir Smug at his patron's board, are all masterpieces of good-natured humour. But his range of observation is far deeper and wider than Addison's. The coarse despair of the farmer at Tithing day is as accurately painted as the vulgarity of the tradesman of Cheapside. The pathos of his picture of the broken-hearted servant-girl who haunts the common and "begs an idle pin of all she meets" is as irresistible as that of the story of Le Fevre. It is his humour that breaks out in Cowper's charming egotism. Half his attraction lies in his autobiographic tone. He is a Montaigne of a different stamp, chatting to us of his hares and his garden, his "fancies of strange images observed in the red embers" as he stoops over the fire, his friends and foes, his joys and sorrows. There is no poet whom we

know so intimately. The address to his mother's picture is the memoir of his childhood:—

When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin —
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.

Each phrase of his life, each habit, each liking is as liberally laid open as in the self-revelations of the Gascon philosopher. Every one knows his early love of fields and flowers, his early study of Cowley, his learning Milton by heart, his walks arm-in-arm with Mrs. Unwin, his dislike of tobacco, his love for "the cups that cheer and not inebriate," his evenings with the tame hares gambolling over the carpet. His social taste is the taste of a genial Thackeray, with just the same touch of contempt for the rural snobbery around him. He chose the Unwins for his friends because he found them "the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable, and free from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks. The old gentleman," he adds characteristically, "is a man of sense, and as simple as Parson Adams." In kindly company like this his life expanded freely. The greater passions, struggles, interests of the world, were strange to him. He had his love-disappointment at the opening of his life, and one of the most remarkable of his early poems shows, as Mr. Benham in his admirable biography has pointed out, that the blow told more heavily than most of his commentators have been willing to allow:—

See me, ere yet my destined course half-run,
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rough coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!

A verse like this strikes, at the very opening of his poetical career, the note which closes it in the "Castaway." But his temper subsided early and naturally into the milder delights of Mary Unwin's friendship or Lady Austen's society. He shrank from ambition as from passion; the rough energy of his age, its canal-digging, and engine-building, its unsparing criticism, its audacious science, all were strange and distasteful to him. Something of the humourist's scepticism mingled with the natural shyness and timidity which secluded the poet from the world. The Cowper of popular legend is for once the Cowper of fact; it is only with his

hares, or in the cosy seat beside the tea-table, or in the little arbour where he sang hidden like a bird in leaves and flowers, that he was really at home.

No doubt there was another side to all this. Cowper's despair, his religious melancholy, his madness, invests him with a far more tragic interest than the sunnier aspect of his life. Mr. Benham's treatment of this difficult subject is wiser and more just than that of preceding biographers, but in his effort to be fair to the Calvinistic school among whom the poet was unhappily thrown he has fallen into the very common fault of unfairness towards the religion of his age. "All writers," he tells us, "agree in holding that it was an evil time both in faith and practice;" and he adopts Mr. Pattison's verdict that it was "an age destitute of depth and earnestness; an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character; an age of 'light without love,' whose very merits were of the earth, earthy." Estimates of this kind always omit from the religion of the eighteenth century the one essential factor of the problem, the religious element itself. It is only by the exclusion of Nelson and Newton, of Wesley and Romaine, from its religion that we can pronounce it "an evil time in faith and practice," as it is only by the exclusion of Hume and Berkeley that we can pronounce its philosophy to be "without insight." It is amusing that Bishop Wilson, the divine in whom Mr. Arnold has lately found "light" and "love" most eminently combined, should be a divine of this very age of "light without love." The eighteenth century followed two centuries during which the world's mind had been wholly set on religious subjects and theological strife. Against this entire absorption of human energy into a single channel there was, no doubt, a strong and healthy reaction. Literature, science, mechanical enterprise, commercial activity all claimed their part in human effort. Within the religious pale itself there was, no doubt, a great change, and above all a vigorous reaction against the narrowness of theological systems. But it would be hard to count this reaction irreligious, as the Jacobite parsons counted it from whom our modern censures are mostly taken, unless we count justice and mercy so. The Latitudinarian school practically gave the tone to English religion during the eighteenth century, and in truth and fairness of theology the Latitudinarians stood

far beyond any who had preceded them. That it was the age of Evidences simply proves that, unlike later divines, scholars of the Paley stamp cheerfully accepted the test of free inquiry, the ultimate appeal to reason, and the task, possible or impossible, of reconciling its conclusions with faith. To the revived fanaticism of the Puritan school such a course seemed godless enough, just as to Cowper or Newton science and criticism seemed audacious defiance of Divine wisdom. But it is as difficult to accept the verdicts of Calvinism on these subjects as it is to accept the dictum of Mr. Pattison that the exhibition of religious truth for practical purposes was confined in "the period of the Evidences" to a few obscure writers. The writers of the *Sacra Privata*, the *Serious Call*, and the Saturday essays of the *Spectator* can scarcely be called obscure. That Cowper isolated himself from all the healthy effort and sober religion of his day, that his whole life flung itself into the gloomy fanaticism of men like Newton, we are far from considering, with Mr. Benham, an inevitable result of his religious earnestness. It might have been avoided, and had it been avoided one element at least of his melancholy, the form which it eventually assumed, would at any rate have been removed. But Calvinism furnished only one element of it. Its main cause lay in the man himself. It is difficult not to see how much of the religious excitement which ended in his terrible mania sprang from Cowper's craving for a sphere of feeling and action wider and greater than was naturally his own. There was in him a restlessness that beats its wings fiercely against the bars of the cosy little cage in which he lived. For all that was really powerful in himself and his work he cared least. He was an exquisite painter of character and landscape, but his aim was to be a moralist and a didactic poet. He put down his graceful vignettes of gypsies and poplar shades to assume the airs of a Christian Juvenal. He pronounced other themes to be worn out, and religion to be a new and unworked theme of his own discovery. But for a philosophical survey of the world with which his censure pretended to deal he was thoroughly unqualified. His politics were the mild Whig-gery of a little country town. His classical training had left him utterly ignorant of history or science. "He foresees," says Mr. Benham, "the end of the world close at hand. He rails at the natural philosopher who attempts to discover the causes of physical calamities such as earth-

quakes or diseases, at the historian who takes the trouble to investigate the motives of remarkable men, at the geologist and astronomer." Nothing can be more wearisome than his condemnation of pleasures and a world of which he knew nothing. It is with the mere shibboleth of party that "he denounces oratories, chess, whist-playing, and smoking as severely as he does breaches of the moral law." And it is the more unreal that the moment we get beneath the surface we find ourselves obliged to distinguish between Cowper himself and this Cowper who is simply repeating the jargon of his friends. In himself he preserves throughout a perfect moderation and good sense. "When he met with a smoker in the person of his friend Bull, his anger and scorn were over and done with directly." He did not hesitate to express his honest admiration of such a rake as Churchill. If he wrote like a bigot against Papists, he cancelled the passage on making the acquaintance of one, like a man of sense. He even made friends with a Roman Catholic family whom his neighbours shunned. His reply to Newton, who had censured him for intercourse with "worldly" persons, is a bold rebuke to his friend's fanaticism. "I could show you among them two men," he writes, "whose lives, though they have but little of what we call evangelical light, are ornaments to a Christian country,—men who fear God more than some who profess to love him." The unreality became far more terrible in its results when it passed into the sphere of personal piety. Cowper was by nature a gay, cheerful humourist; what he aimed at was the position of a stern religious enthusiast, or the gloomy seclusion of a rebel against God. He had the longing of an unquiet spirit for the imaginative woe of griefs which were really strange to his nature. Much of his earlier feeling must have been purely imaginary; a simple comparison of dates shows him writing merry letters to one friend at the very moment when he is inditing the gloomiest expressions of spiritual despair to another. But the conception of a struggle with heaven, of his position as the "Castaway" of Divine wrath, gave a grandeur and intensity to Cowper's life which had its pleasure as well as its pain. Byron hurling defiance at a God he feared is a different picture from Cowper playing with his knife and fork while grace was said, lest bystanders should think he ventured to join in the prayer. But in both poets there is the same indication of a satisfaction, differing greatly in

deed in point of consciousness, at an isolation which gave them something of the grandeur of Satan. "Hell disowns and Deity disowns me" might have fallen from the lips of Lara. Even in the tenderer mood of Cowper's religious melancholy there are traces of the same longing for isolation, isolation from men where not from heaven. In the touching verses in which he paints himself as a "stricken deer" it is easy to note the unconscious pride with which he regards his own severance from the mass of men:—

Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminare, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Cowper purely as a poet. He was far from being the first to introduce landscape into poetry; in his own day Thomson had done this on a far larger scale than he ever attempted. But he is perhaps the first English poet who ever painted the personal joy of country landscapes. The author of the *Seasons* unwinds a glorious roll of scenes, but he never touches them or is himself a part of them. Cowper walks with us through the country he paints, splashing up muddy lanes to the peasant's cottage on the little hill, or stumbling among the molehills into the meadow "ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme." Only one English poet can be compared with him in the sense of actual familiarity with the scenes he describes, in that sense of open-airiness, if we may venture to coin the word, which pervades the delicious pictures of his "Task." But Wordsworth climbing Helvellyn, or skirting lake and mere, is another sight from Cowper wandering along the sedgy banks of Ouse. The poet of the Lakes deliberately chose his home among scenes of a special grandeur, apart from common English sights and sounds. Cowper took Huntingdon and Olney as he found them. It is his perception of the beauty in common sights and sounds, his general all-embracing pleasure in them, that is the note of his poetry. He may be said to have discovered the field so exquisitely worked out since by Tennyson, the landscape of the Eastern counties, with its slow rivers and spacious meadows, the tranquil landscape of half England. No

finer picture of such a scene has ever been painted than that which stands at the entrance of the "Task"; and still more exquisite, while more familiar, are the well-known lines,

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade

It is something of the tenderness of colour, the breadth and repose of these large landscapes, that makes such pictures as that of Evening and Night in the "Winter Evening" so charming. Cowper finds another point of likeness with Wordsworth in the closeness and fineness of his observation. His delight in the varying shades of tinting among the nearer woods, his view of the sheep pouring from the sheep-folds—

At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land —

are perfectly Wordsworthian. It is curious that both poets have noticed the unity of act among cattle in a meadow. Wordsworth's "there are forty feeding like one" is famous enough; Cowper's passage is less known:—

The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be supprest.

But between the relation of the two poets to the nature they describe there is a very wide difference. In Wordsworth there is little or no trace of any personal love or familiarity with any living creature. The linnet is little more than a bright creature stirring among the leaves. The lark is a symbol of domestic affection. The cuckoo is no bird, but a wandering voice. Cowper, on the other hand, is like Burns in his lovingness of temper and tone. His descriptions are often like so many soft caresses. He moves among the life of nature with a sort of playfellow feeling; the hare, to borrow his own words, scarce shuns him; the stock-dove still cooes in the pine-tree, nor suspends her long love-ditty at his approach; the squirrel, "flippant, pert, and full of play," springs up the neighbouring beech only to "whisk his brush and

perk his ears and stamp and scold aloud with all the prettiness of feigned alarm and anger insignificantly fierce." The most famous of Cowper's lines is as characteristic as it is famous—"God made the country, and man made the town." And yet his own pictures of rural life are the best refutation of his words. No poet is more sternly realistic in his treatment of country people. The very woodsman marches along with his pipe in his mouth, "with pressure of his thumb to adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube that fumes beneath his nose." The riot, the dispute, the drunkenness of the village alehouse take a form singularly in contrast with the lyrical eulogies of Burns. We see the thief and the poacher prowling along the country lanes; the very milkmaid has flaunting ribbons on her head; if the village bells fall in melodious chime on his ear, the poet sketches with unsparing pen the drone of the village parson. Cowper is no writer of sham pastorals; his rustics are photographed as clearly and truthfully as the gentry of his social satire. It is in this combination of hard truthfulness in human portraiture with loving fidelity in his delineation of the natural life and scenery amongst which men live, that half Cowper's power consists. Of his use of humour we have spoken before, but it is especially noteworthy in its contrast with Pope's poetic use of wit.

We cannot now dwell further on either poet or poetry; but we must not conclude without drawing attention to the series of books of which the present volume forms a part. So far as we have seen them, the "Globe" editions of our English poets are admirable for their scholarly editing, their typographical excellence, their compendious form, and their cheapness. Mr. Benham's edition of Cowper is one of permanent value. The biographical introduction is excellent, full of information, singularly neat and readable, and modest—indeed too modest—in its comments. The text is arranged in chronological order, which, amongst other advantages, puts the "Castaway" in its proper position as Cowper's last poem. The notes seem concise and accurate, and the editor has been able to discover and introduce some hitherto unprinted matter. Altogether the book is a very excellent one.

From Temple Bar.
THE PRUSSIAN VICTORY AT LEUTHEN,
 A.D. 1757.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY.

CHAUCER, in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales," written near the end of the fourteenth century, speaks of Prussia, or "Preusse," as one of the parts of "Heatheness," in which his ideal knight had ridden and had achieved honor for his "worthiness." We know also, from the historical chronicler Walsingham, that one of the merits of a real English knight (Henry of Bolingbroke, who became our king Henry IV.) was that about the same time when Chaucer was writing, in the year 1330, he had made a campaign, as a crusader, among the Teutonic Knights, against the heathens of Prussia, and the other barbarous countries in its vicinity. Prussia's civilization is little more than four centuries old. France, England, Spain, Germany, and Italy were, and long had been, Christian countries, flourishing with arts and literature, with commerce, with civic and other political organizations; while the greater part of Prussia continued to be a wild waste land, where the Teutonic Knights carried on, what they deemed a holy war of conversion or extermination, against the old pagan natives of the soil.

These Teutonic Knights were formed, originally, out of the remnants of the army of German crusaders, which the great Emperor Frederick Barbarossa led from Europe into Asia in 1189. Barbarossa was accidentally drowned in the river Cydnus; and part of his forces turned homeward without ever reaching Palestine. Others persevered, and took honourable part in the crusade against Saladin, of which our Richard Coeur de Lion and Philip Augustus, of France, became the most important leaders. Imitating the Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, some of the German crusaders formed an order, or military priesthood, which took the name of "The order of Teutonic Knights of the House of St. Mary of Jerusalem."

When the Mahometans had reconquered nearly all the territories and strongholds of the Christians in Syria, the Teutonic Knights betook themselves to Venice. Their renown was high in Europe; and Conrad, Duke of Mazovia, about the year 1230, offered the Grand Master of the Knights, Herman de Salza, to cede to the order the provinces of Culm and Livonia, and all the lands that they could conquer from the idolatrous Prussians, who incess-

santly harassed the Duke's dominions. The offer was accepted; and the Pope confirmed Duke Conrad's grant. The Knights, largely reinforced from all parts of Christendom, made themselves by degrees masters of Prussia, and many of the adjacent territories. Conversion to Christianity was enforced on the conquered natives at the sword's point. The immigration of German merchants, artisans and agriculturists was encouraged; and the cities of Elbing, Marienburg, Thorn, Dantzig, Königsberg, and others were founded. They added to the armorial ensigns of their order the imperial eagle, by permission of the Emperor Frederick II.

The order was for some time prosperous and powerful; but gradually it was weakened by internal dissensions, and by unsuccessful wars with the kings of Poland. King Casimir of Poland, in 1466, dismembered Prussia; as Frederick the Great of Prussia, four centuries afterwards, helped to dismember Poland. Casimir took Upper Prussia as part of his own dominions; and the Teutonic Knights were compelled to do homage to the King of Poland, and to acknowledge him as their feudal lord, in return for being allowed to retain possession of the rest of their territories.

About sixty years afterwards, in Luther's time, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights was a nobleman of the ancient House of Hohenzollern. Hohenzollern, the original seat of this remarkable family, is in Suabia. One of its members, Conrad of Hohenzollern, had attached himself to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and had been made by him, in 1170, Burgrave of Nurnberg. That dignity became hereditary in his family. The Hohenzollerns generally were high in favour with the Emperors; and, in 1417, Frederick of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nurnberg, received from the Emperor Sigismund the important dignity of Margrave of Brandenburg.

The province (the March) of Brandenburg lies close to the old Prussian territory of the Teutonic Knights. After several changes of rulers, Brandenburg had lapsed to the Empire. When the Emperor appointed Frederick of Hohenzollern to be its Graf (its Marquess), he at the same time conferred on him the rank of an Elector of the Empire; and the heads of the Hohenzollerns were styled Electors of Brandenburg, down to the time when they became kings of Prussia.

Early in the fifteenth century, when the doctrines of the Reformation were making rapid progress in Northern Germany,

Joachim I. of Hohenzollern was Elector of Brandenburg; and his cousin Albert was Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights. Both these Hohenzollerns adopted the Lutheran tenets; and so did many of the Teutonic Knights, but not all. Luther declared the Teutonic order to be a thing serviceable to neither God nor man. The Grand Master Albert was of this opinion; and he declared that the order was dissolved; but he contrived to make it serviceable to himself. With the sanction and aid of his feudal lord, King Sigismund of Poland, he declared himself thenceforth Hereditary Grand Duke of Prussia. Those of the resident knights, that agreed with him, became feudal proprietors of their estates under the Grand Duke as their immediate lord. Some of the knights objected to the change, and were expelled. They appealed to the Emperor; and the audacious Grand Duke, who thus secularized an ecclesiastical province, and who set himself up as a Lutheran temporal prince in the country, where he had been a Roman Catholic, half-military, half-sacerdotal Grand Master, was condemned by the Emperor Charles V., and put to the ban of the Empire. But the sentence could never be executed. Grand Duke Albert of Hohenzollern held and ruled Prussia firmly for forty years; and when he died, his son, Albert Frederick, became Grand Duke in his stead. But on the decease of Grand Duke Albert Frederick, in 1618, the direct lineage of Duke Albert of Prussia failed, and the inheritance of the Duchy devolved on the Brandenburg branch of the Hohenzollerns. About the same time the Elector's son acquired by marriage the heritages of the Duchies of Cleves and Juliers on the Rhine. The House of Brandenburg, thus aggrandized, was viewed with jealousy and disfavour by the House of Hapsburg. "Austria could not tolerate the formation of a German power which approached more nearly to herself in importance than any other; and it added greatly to the anxiety and embarrassment of the restorers of Roman Catholicism that this new power was a Protestant one, and that it would now afford a fresh support to the Protestant party throughout the Empire, which hitherto had been wavering and weak."^{*} The territories of the Elector of Brandenburg underwent terrible devastations by the imperialist armies in the early part of the Thirty Years' War; and in the last

part of that war it suffered still worse from the Swedes—who, from being the Elector's allies had become his enemies, on account of a dispute for the possession of Pomerania. But the Elector Frederick William, who ruled Brandenburg and Prussia for many years after the close of the Thirty Years' War, was one of the ablest Princes of his age. He was obliged to give up the greater part of Pomerania: but he added to his dominions the important districts and towns of Halberstadt, Minden, and Magdeburg, which had formerly been independent states under their Prince-Bishops. He also obtained from the Polish King a release from the feudal subjection, which Prussia had so long been under to the crown of Poland. This was effected in 1657. We see thus that the existence of Prussia as an independent state is little more than two centuries old.

The policy of this Elector, Frederick William, deserves to be studied.* It was steadily pursued by him for forty years, and it has been maintained with almost equal consistency by his successors. That policy was to keep up and augment the military power of the state; and to this purpose all other considerations were made subordinate. The provinces, which composed Frederick William's dominions had, each of them, their estates and meetings of estates, possessing considerable, though ill-defined, constitutional powers. Frederick William did not wish to abolish these; but he was determined to have and maintain the autocratic power of doing "that which it pertaineth to a righteous prince to do." His manual as to princely rights and duties is said to have been a treatise by a jurist named Seckendorf, which lays down that, "though it is proper for a prince to treat his subjects as freeborn people, to listen to the advice of his estates, and to keep contracts made by him with them, still the sovereign power of the prince oversteps everything. The general good of all should be the object of government; but to insure this the prince must be strong enough to make his rule beneficially felt by all his subjects; he must possess the means of repressing disobedient subjects, foreign foes, and all such as do acts of violence."[†] Without entering into details of Frederick William's constitutional or unconstitutional struggles with his estates, it may be enough to observe that he succeeded as to the two cardinal points, of establishing a numerous and well-appointed standing army, and of

* Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," vol. i., p. 25.

† Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," vol. i., book 1, chap. iii.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 251, n.

raising money from his subjects by his own sovereign authority. Towards the end of the disputes between him and his diets, the utmost that the estates asked of him was, that they should have a consulting voice before new taxes were introduced.

His successor kept up the warlike fame of the Brandenburgs, and attained the long-desired object of raising the House of Hohenzollern from electoral to kingly dignity. On the 18th of January, 1701, with the assent and concession of the Emperor, he placed a regal crown on his head with solemn ceremonial, and became Frederick I., King of Prussia. The new kingdom under him took an honourable though subordinate part in the War of the Spanish Succession; and the "undaunted steadfastness" of the Prussian regiments won the warm praises of Eugene and Marlborough. In 1713, Frederick William I. ascended the Prussian throne. He had been brought up in the campaigns of the Netherlands; and he admired, even more intensely than his predecessors, military power, as the great glory of a sovereign. He bent his whole attention to the increase and improved organization of his army. This required money; and Frederick William became (as he said of himself) his own finance minister, as well as his own field marshal. Cynically simple in his private habits, parsimonious in all public expenditure that did not immediately benefit the army, an excellent accountant, and an indefatigable man of business, King Frederick William succeeded in keeping a well-filled treasury, at the same time that he maintained an army, large beyond all usual proportion to the population of the country, and better equipped than any other on the continent of Europe.*

* "A union of German provinces, which altogether did not number more than two millions and a half of inhabitants, and had not even any bond of connection among themselves, seemed, when compared with the kingdom of France, extending from the Pyrenees to the upper Rhine, and from the Mediterranean to the ocean, or with the neighbouring boundless empire of Russia, or with the inexhaustible Austria, or with England, mistress of the seas, a very insignificant state. The only thing which gave to Prussia a certain rank among the powers of Europe, and a certain consideration in the world, was her military force. It was reckoned that France had at that time 160,000, and Russia 180,000 regular troops; but a great part of the former were employed in the garrisons of the numerous fortresses; while in the latter the men actually under arms were very far from corresponding with the army lists. The Austrian army was computed at 80,000 to 100,000 men; but of doubtful efficiency, and dispersed through the various provinces. What Frederick William I. did for Prussia in this rivalry of forces may be instantly measured, when we recollect that he increased the army from 33,000 men, which placed her on a military level with Sardinia

Frederick William recruited his armies from almost every country in Europe; but the main part, the substantial part of his military force, consisted of the younger sons of peasants, who were enrolled in the ranks by a compulsory levy; each regiment having a particular district assigned to it, out of which it should regularly keep up its numbers.* The Prussian King thought, like the Romans of old, that a peasantry furnishes the best troops. The increase of the agricultural population and the improvement of their condition became therefore objects which Prussian rulers, and especially Frederick William I., pursued with great earnestness, in order that there never might be wanting a supply of hardy peasant soldiers :

" *Masculorum rusticis militum
Proles.*"

Frederick I., in 1709, had prohibited the nobles from annexing to their domains the lands which their agricultural serfs held under them. In 1739, Frederick William I. ordained that no peasant should be evicted from his holding, except for good and substantial reason; and even then the lord of the manor was bound to replace the evicted man by another tenant. The very remarkable legislation of Prussia during the last two centuries, in respect of her agricultural serfs and her system of land tenure, † has unquestionably been prompted by the desire of augmenting her military strength. I may mention here, though out of chronological order, that Frederick the Great, in 1749, when he was preparing for the foreseen renewal of his struggle with Austria, made a law expressly prohibiting all absorption of peasant lands; and I may refer here to the measures for abolishing personal serfdom, and otherwise ameliorating the condition of the small occupants of land, which Stein and Hardenburg introduced, when they were raising Prussia from the misery and degradation into which she was sunk for a time by her defeat at Jena in 1806.

or Saxon-Poland, to more than 80,000 men, i.e., nearly to that of Austria.

"The king's care was equally bestowed on the several arms. He increased the cavalry by more than half, and the artillery in still greater proportion. He suffered no discrepancies between the lists and the actual corps, and the fortresses occupied but a proportionately small number of men; taking the very lowest calculation, he had 72,000 men ready at a moment's warning, or with the smallest possible delay, to take the field."—Ranke's "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," vol. I., p. 420.

* See Ranke, vol. I., p. 422.

† See in the Parliamentary Blue Book, 1829, "Land Tenures in Europe," the report of Mr. Harris Gastrill, on Prussia.

Frederick William I. engaged in 1715 in a war with Sweden, the results of which were very advantageous for his kingdom. Prussia acquired by it the greater part of Pomerania, and the sole command of the river Oder; and an end was now put to the ascendancy which Sweden had previously exercised on the German side of the Baltic.

In 1740, when Frederick William I. died, and Frederick II., who won the title of Frederick the Great, succeeded him, the Prussian dominions comprised rather more than 47,000 square miles, with a population of 2,500,000. Frederick II. determined to make this kingdom one of the principal powers of Europe; and he effected his purpose. His dominions wanted solidity. The Prussian provinces stretched, or rather sprawled, across the map of Europe, without sufficient connection or breadth. The basis of the power of Prussia was in her central provinces on the Elbe and the Oder. To the south-east of these lay the large and fertile territory of Silesia, with an area of more than 14,000 square miles, and a population of 1,250,000. The acquisition of Silesia would not only give Prussia a most important increase, but it would also give her compactness and well-proportioned strength. The Electors of Brandenburg, about a century before Frederick II.'s time, had set up claims to some parts of Silesia; but they had not insisted on those claims, and Silesia had for more than 200 years been possessed by the House of Hapsburg as part of the Austrian hereditary dominions. But there was now a tempting opportunity for plundering Austria. The Emperor Charles VI. died in 1740, leaving no male heirs. He had obtained from all the chief states of Christendom treaties guaranteeing to his daughter Maria Theresa the succession to his dominions; but, as soon as he was dead, six of these supposed friendly potentates began a war of spoliation against the young and seemingly helpless princess, who had become the head of the House of Hapsburg. Frederick wanted Silesia as his share of the booty; he seized it and secured it; and then left his confederates to carry on the remainder of the War of the Austrian Succession by themselves. By a treaty commenced at Breslau and concluded at Berlin in 1742, Austria ceded to Prussia all Lower Silesia, and all Upper Silesia also, except the principality of Teschen, and some districts near it. War broke out again in 1744 between Frederick and Maria Theresa; but by the treaty of Dresden in 1745, the possession

of Silesia was confirmed to the Prussian sovereign, who, in return, recognized Maria Theresa's husband, Francis I. of Lorraine, as Emperor.

From the treaty of Dresden in 1745 to the beginning of the Seven Years' War, there was an interval of ten years' peace, which Frederick employed most energetically in strengthening the military resources of his dominions, and in organizing them, so as to be able to act with the greatest possible celerity and effect, whenever he might be attacked, or whenever it might suit him again to attack others.

The Seven Years' War (which was commenced by Frederick's march upon Dresden in 1756, and which was terminated by the treaties of Paris and Hubertsburg, in 1763), had its origin chiefly in the bitter feelings of hostility, with which the Prussian King was regarded by two royal ladies, and by a third lady, who, though uncrowned and unwed to any sovereign, ruled absolutely the councils of one of the greatest kingdoms of Europe. These were the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia, and Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. of France. The characters of both the Czarina and of the French favourite lady, were very open to sarcasm and lampoon; and Frederick was at least as proud of his power as a satirist and a wit, as of his military abilities. In the literary circle, which Frederick loved to gather round him in peace time, jests and epigrams on these notorious and important, if not illustrious, ladies, were very freely coined and repeated, Frederick himself being the author of many of the coarsest and most violent. They circulated rapidly in the capitals of Europe, and especially at St. Petersburg and Paris. Frederick succeeded amply in wounding the vanity of both the Czarina Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour: but, like many other jesters, he bought his success rather dearly. He earned for himself the most intense hatred of those, against whom he had raised the laugh; and the fair disposer of the armies of Russia and France were eager to attack and ruin the derider of their charms and characters.

Maria Theresa was Frederick's enemy from more honourable motives. She naturally resented the ungenerous and treacherous attack, which the Prussian King had made upon her at the time of her extreme need; and the loss of Silesia was a serious diminution of the power of Austria, which she was deeply desirous to repair. In the hope of recovering this province, and of

thrusting back the upstart House of Brandenburg to its old inferior position in the north-east of Germany, the Empress listened willingly to the counsels of her statesman Kaunitz, who recommended that Austria should ally herself not only with Russia, but also with Austria's ancient rival, France. The Saxons and the Swedes also viewed with displeasure and alarm the growing importance of Prussia, and had received old injuries from her, which they were eager to avenge. It seemed impossible that the new kingdom, however well drilled her armies might be, and however well they might be commanded, could resist the assaults of France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden united. Prussia's only allies on the continent were Hanover, Brunswick, and Hesse. It was true that the Elector of Hanover was also King of England; but it was thought that the English would be fully occupied by their own renewed war with France. When the treaty of Aix-le-Chapelle closed in 1748 the War of the Austrian Succession, in which both England and France had taken part, the rival claims of the two nations in North America and in India had been left unsettled. Hostilities between their colonists and garrisons in the Far East and in the Far West had never entirely ceased; and, in June 1755, the English, by way of reprisals for alleged French aggressions, captured a large number of French merchantmen and two ships of the line; an act that made formal and declared war within a short period inevitable.

The alliance between Austria and France brought about, on the other side, a close connection between Prussia and England, which was all the stronger, because King George II. of England firmly believed that it was only by the help of Prussia that his Hanoverian dominions could be defended against French invasion and conquest.

Two great issues were raised and settled in the Seven Years' War. The first, which more immediately concerned Prussia, was whether a new first-class power, and that a Protestant power, should be established in Northern Germany, notwithstanding the opposition of the House of Hapsburg. The second issue (which more directly affected England), was whether the English or the French race should become predominant in North America. It is to be remembered that less than 120 years ago France seemed more likely than England to become the ascendant power in the New World. The Canadas and Cape Breton belonged to her in the north of the American continent;

she possessed Louisiana southward; and her rulers were labouring zealously, and, as it appeared, successfully, to extend their colonies and dependencies along the whole course of the Mississippi, so as to gird in, with a band of hostile provinces, the thirteen British Colonies, that were scattered along the Atlantic coast, and finally to subjugate or exterminate their inhabitants.

But our conquest of Canada in the Seven Years' War crushed for ever those projects of French ambition. It made the Franco-Celtic inhabitants of America the inferiors, instead of becoming the lords and masters of the English settlers. It insured truth to the announcement which Montesquieu, a few years before, had made to the European world, "That a free, prosperous, and great people was forming in the forests of America, which England had sent forth her sons to inhabit."

American historians* rightly consider the Seven Years' War as the commencement of American independence; for our victories in that war saved their country from sinking into the ignominious wretchedness of a province of the old French monarchy. And not only are the campaigns, which actually took place on the American continent itself, material to the history of the United States; but the progress and the varying fortunes of the contemporaneous strife in Germany are also properly treated as essential portions of the same great narrative. If Frederick and his European allies had been crushed by their confederate enemies in the continental war, the English ministry could have sent out no new expeditions; they could not even have maintained any troops across the far Atlantic. On the other hand, France, if victorious in Germany, could have reinforced her armies in Canada into certain and overwhelming superiority. The English and the colonists of the time well knew that this was the fact. "We must conquer Canada in Germany," were the words of our great minister Pitt; and expressions no less emphatic were used by the chief men of thought and action in British America. Every victory, which Frederick gained, was hailed with as grateful rejoicings in Boston and New York as in London. This sympathy of England and of English America with Prussia a century ago was also made more fervent by the semi-religious character which the Seven Years' War assumed. Catholic

* See Bancroft's "History of the American Revolution," vol. I.

France and Catholic Austria were leagued together on one side, and their bigoted hate of Protestantism was notorious and active.

The negotiations which were carried on between the courts of St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Vienna, Dresden, and Paris for a combined attack on Prussia did not escape the vigilance of Frederick. He was utterly unscrupulous about such formalities as expostulating, or asking for explanations, or even declaring war, before he struck a blow, if he saw a good opportunity of striking hard before his adversary was fully prepared, or even aware that a blow was impending.

Frederick had in 1756 not only a large number of soldiers, amounting to 120,000, enrolled on his army lists, but he had them actually under arms, well trained, well disciplined, well officered, and well organized. Infantry, artillery and cavalry, all were ready in due proportion for combined action, whenever their royal generalissimo should direct them to cross the frontier. Besides these disposable troops, he had his fortresses all effectively armed and garrisoned, and he had ample and well-arranged dépôts and magazines for repairing the losses of men and matériel, which his troops in the field against an enemy might be expected to sustain. Careful organization before hostilities, and skilful alertness during hostilities, were the great secrets of Frederick's success in the war. He began it in August 1756, by suddenly leading an army, 64,000 strong, into Saxony. He took Dresden; he blockaded the Saxon troops in Pirna; repulsed an Austrian army that advanced to their relief, and compelled them to capitulate on the 14th of October.

Saxony and Silesia, but especially Silesia, became the core of Frederick's power during the war. In and along Saxony and Silesia he manoeuvred and fought with unequalled skill, celerity, and resolution against the enormously superior armies, that came round against him on every side, and seemed certain to crush him, or at least to wear down his comparatively scanty forces. He was obliged to abandon the remote provinces of his kingdom. His capital, Berlin, was repeatedly pillaged, and more than once occupied by Russian invaders. But as long as he could retain Silesia, Frederick judged the struggle with his enemies to be maintainable; and the result of the war proved the soundness of his judgment. His warfare was far from being merely defensive. It consisted frequently of sudden and daring attacks: and

from his central position in Silesia and Saxony Frederick darted out, as opportunity offered, on the hostile bodies that were operating in other provinces. But when the Prussian King thus advanced with his main army against one of his numerous enemies, he unavoidably gave opportunities for others to inflict severe injuries on his power. Great part of Saxony was rent from him; and in the chequered campaigns of 1757 he nearly lost Silesia, a loss which would have been irreparable.

I have chosen for description the battle of Leuthen, one of the battles of this, the second year of the war, on account of the critical vicissitudes of that twelvemonth, and because Frederick's success on the field of Leuthen, when he seemed to be on the brink of ruin, was such as (in the words of Napoleon) "to restore all, and to give to the King of Prussia immortal glory." *

In the spring of 1757, Frederick made a bold and rapid march into Bohemia, and defeated an Austrian army near Prague. The beaten troops took shelter within the walls of Prague, and were blockaded there by the Prussians. Another Austrian force, under Marshal Daun, advanced, and took up a strong position at Kolin. Frederick attacked them there, but was completely defeated, with the loss of 15,000 men. Daun's activity in following up his victory was not equal to the skill and firmness which he had shown in gaining it. Frederick was able to retire with the wrecks of his army, and to unite them with the corps, which had been left in observation before Prague.

The exultation of Austria at the victory of Kolin was unbounded. A new order of knighthood was instituted, of which Marshal Daun was one of the first chief dignitaries. Not only the court of Vienna, but the camps of the Imperialist generals, were occupied for some weeks with rejoicings and thanksgivings. At last the main force of the Austrians, under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Daun, moved in the direction of Silesia. Frederick gave part of his army to one of his Generals, the Prince of Bevern, and sent him to defend Silesia, while the King himself, with the scanty remnant of his force, marched rapidly into Thuringia, towards the River Saale, where his presence was now urgently needed. A French army, under the Marquis of Soubise, strengthened by a large force of Imperialists, was advancing

* "Le Roi s'immortalise, et repare tout en gagnant la bataille du 5 Decembre." — Napoleon's *Mémoires*, vol. v., p. 333.

through Thuringia. The two armies met near Rossbach. Soubise attempted to turn the Prussian flank; but this manoeuvre (to which Frederick owed many of his victories) required to be executed by thoroughly well-trained, and well-officered troops; and the army under Soubise was ill-formed, ill-organized, and ill-conducted. Frederick attacked them while they were floundering in their own confused and confusing movements. The Prussian cavalry and artillery threw them into a panic rout, and Frederick obtained a complete victory, with the loss of no more than 300 men. Only six of his battalions had taken part in the actual fighting. He took 7000 prisoners, thirty-seven colours, and nearly the whole of Soubise's cannon.

The success at Rossbach was brilliant, but, in Frederick's own words, "far more was necessary." The army, which was led by the King himself, had been victorious in Thuringia, but in other scenes of the war the Prussians were sustaining terrible reverses. Frederick hurried into Silesia to save, if possible, the important stronghold of Schweidnitz, which he knew to be hard-pressed by the Austrians under the Prince of Lorraine; but on his march he heard that Schweidnitz was already lost; with it were lost large magazines and military stores of every description, and 6000 men who had formed its garrison.

The Prince of Lorraine, encouraged by this conquest, attacked, with great superiority of force, the Prussian General Bevern, on the 22nd of November, near Breslau. He defeated him, and Breslau surrendered to the Austrians four days afterwards. The victorious army in Silesia under the Prince of Lorraine was now 80,000 strong; Frederick had not half that number; and many of the troops under him, when he resolved to continue his march and attack Prince Charles, consisted of beaten fugitives.

On the 4th of December, at daybreak, Frederick made a sudden attack on the town of Neumarkt, which lies about fourteen miles to the west of Breslau. He surprised there a body of 4000 Croats, who had been thrown forward without support a long way in advance of the Prince of Lorraine's main army. The intelligence that Frederick was marching to attack them had been received with contemptuous mockery by the Austrian commanders, all save one—that one was Marshal Daun, who had beaten Frederick at Kolin, but who knew that the Prussian King was an antagonist not to be trifled with. Fortunately for Prussia, Daun was now sub-

ordinate to Prince Charles in the Imperialist camp. The Prince of Lorraine showed, in many parts of his military career, considerable ability as well as courage; but at this crisis he was elated by success, and allowed his confidence to degenerate into carelessness.

Prince Charles had determined to advance against the advancing Prussians. He marched his forces out of their strong position in their camp near Breslau, and across the stream called the "Schweidnitz water." He then halted, and took up a position about ten miles from Neumarkt, across the road between that place and Breslau, by which Frederick was approaching. His position was a strong one: his right wing rested on the village of Nypern, and the ground in front of it, and of his right-centre, was marshy and broken, so as to greatly impede an enemy, if advancing against that part of the Austrian line. The centre and left-centre were posted in and near to the village of Leuthen, and his left wing had the support of the village of Sagchutz. His line stretched about five miles from north to south. About four miles in advance of his centre, on the road by which the enemy was coming up from the west, lay the little hamlet of Borne. The Prince sent forward three regiments of dragoons, and two of hussars, to occupy this advanced post.

Frederick had the great advantage of knowing accurately and minutely the ground, over which he was moving, and that on which his enemy was stationed. He had frequently in peace time reviewed his troops, and put them through the various manoeuvres of an imaginary battle in this very locality. But this knowledge of the country, though it proved eminently serviceable to him in the real battle which ensued, made him understand keenly and painfully before the battle, how difficult it would be to dislodge the Austrian army, more than double his own in number, from the position in which it had halted. Victory was impossible for him, except by daring operations and consummate generalship on his part, seconded and carried out by intelligent self-devotion, and rapid but orderly evolutions on the part of the officers and soldiers. It is not common in modern warfare for a commander-in-chief to harangue an army; but Frederick knew that he had to meet no common emergency; and he felt the need of employing all the moral force that it was possible for him to acquire, before commencing a life-or-death struggle with an enemy,

who in physical force so far surpassed him. The beech tree is still pointed out on the road near Neumarkt, where the Prussian King assembled his generals, and thus addressed them: "While I was defeating the French, Charles of Lorraine has succeeded in capturing Schweidnitz, defeating Prince Bevern, and making himself master of Breslau. Great part of Silesia, the capital city of the province, and my stores of war are lost. My disasters would be irreparable, if I had not reason to place a boundless trust in your courage, your firmness, and your love of father-land. There is not one of you, but has distinguished himself by some great and honourable deed. The moment for valorous exertion has now come. Listen, then; I am resolved, against all rules of the art of war, to attack the nearly three-fold stronger army of Charles of Lorraine. There is no doubt about the number of the enemy, or of the strength of their position. We must beat them; or we must all of us find our graves before their batteries. This is my determination. Thus I mean to act. Announce my decision to all the officers of my army. Prepare the soldiers for the scenes which are at hand. Let them know that I demand unqualified obedience. They are Prussians. They will not show themselves unworthy of the name. Is there any one of you who fears to share all dangers with me? If so, he may at once retire. I never will reproach him."

The King saw in the countenances and gestures of those whom he addressed, that they shared his spirit. He then added, "I know that not one of you will leave me. I rely on your true aid, and I feel assured of victory. Go, tell your regiments what you have heard from me."

As they moved to leave him, he said, "The regiment of cavalry which shall not instantly, at the order, charge, shall be dismounted, and sent into garrison. The battalion of infantry, that even falters, shall lose its colours. Now farewell, friends; we shall soon see each other as victors, or we shall see each other no more."

On Monday, the 5th of December, 1757, long before the winter sun rose, Frederick was on his march with his army in four columns from Neumarkt towards Leuthen. The King himself rode with the vanguard. The morning was dull and misty. About seven, the Prussians came to Borne, the little village already mentioned, about four miles in advance of the centre of the Austrian position, and occupied by Prince

Charles with five regiments of dragoons and hussars. Throughout this campaign the Austrians seem to have been negligent, to the last degree, of out-post duty, while the vigilant and active Prussians omitted no possible precaution or exertion, that could aid them in screening their own movements, or in watching and surprising their adversaries. The Austrian hussars and dragoons in Borne found that the Prussians were upon them in overwhelming force, without having been aware of their approach. Such of the Austrian vanguard as escaped, galloped off to the north of the causeway towards Nypern, to the right of the position of the Imperialist main army. The Austrian general Lucchesi, who commanded that wing, thought that the Prussian attack was being directed on him, and he sent earnest entreaties to Prince Charles and Marshal Daun for reinforcements. They were sent to him; and, what was still more important, Marshal Daun himself rode to the right wing, the scene of supposed peril. But the Austrian left was the real object of Frederick's operations, which were executed in the most rapid and skilful manner. He took advantage of a range of low hillocks, that trend from north-west to south-east, a little beyond Borne. He occupied their summits with detachments of cavalry; and, screened by them and by the mist, that continued more or less throughout the day, the Prussian battalions of infantry, and a large mass of chosen horse under Ziethen (Frederick's favourite cavalry general), started to the south-east, so as to place themselves in overwhelming force upon and across the extreme Austrian left at Sagschutz. The movement was perilous. If the Austrian commanders had been more vigilant in pushing forward advanced squadrons to reconnoitre and ascertain exactly what their enemy was doing, the Prince of Lorraine might have brought down his reserves, and his forces from his right and his centre, and he might have taken the Prussian columns in flank while executing their oblique march towards the Austrian left. If this had been done, the Austrians would, in Napoleon's judgment, have taken the Prussian army *en flagrant délit*, and must have defeated it. But the Austrians seem to have expected that Frederick, if, after all, he ventured to assail them, would come on straight forward against their front; and they gave no interruption to the manœuvres of their skilful and determined foe. The Austrian commander on their left was General Nadasti, who, about one o'clock of the day, was surprised by

the sudden advance of Prussian troops all round the extreme point of his position. To use a metaphor from sea-fights, the Prussian force was not coming up against the Austrian broadside; but it had gained a position, whence it could rake the Austrian line from one end to another. But this was no mere artillery battle. The Prussians, ably handled, and answering gallantly to their King's expectations, overpowered Nadasti, though he was a good division-officer, and made a soldierly resistance. The Prussians advanced from south to north up along the line of the Austrians to Leuthen, their centre. Here there was for some time an obstinate struggle. Prince Charles and Marshal Daun saw, though not quickly enough, the real nature of their danger; and troops from the Austrian right were hurried down from Nypern towards Leuthen; and an attempt was made to form a new Austrian line of battle, still having Leuthen for its centre, but at right angles to the old line, and facing southward against the advancing Prussians. If the Austrians could have effected this manœuvre, their great superiority of numbers might have given them the victory; and, in Frederick's judgment, this was the crisis of the battle.* But the Austrians were deficient in the rapidity and the accuracy of military movement, to which the Prussian King had brought his men by long and careful training. Frederick and his generals gave their adversaries no time for completing their new formation. Every Austrian battalion from their right wing, as it moved down, was promptly met and broken by the Prussians, who continued their vehement advance from south to north. Frederick had kept back a reserve of horse on his left; and these, as Luechesi's cavalry wheeled round from Nypern, gave them a sudden charge in flank, and drove them routed from the field. Marshal Daun strove in vain to draw up an orderly front of battle even in part of the field against the victors. Leuthen village was carried by the Prussian infantry after a hard and long struggle. Ziethen led his exulting cavalry in charge after charge on the disordered and retreating masses of Prince Charles; and before the sun went down the Austrian army, right, centre, left, and reserve, was

flying in total confusion towards the Schweidnitz water.

The short winter's day was now over; Frederick had certainly made the most of it: 10,000 of the Austrians lay killed or wounded, 12,000 were taken prisoners in the field, and 9000 were gathered up by the Prussians in the pursuit, which the indefatigable conqueror kept up till ten at night as far as the town of Lissa. The Prussians' loss in the battle was a little more than 6000 killed and wounded. Prince Charles left 17,000 men in Breslau, and with the rest of his beaten troops he hurried into Bohemia, closely pursued by a detachment of the Prussian forces under Ziethen.

The King, on the second day after his battle, formed the siege of Breslau, which surrendered to him on the 16th. Frederick recovered there his own magazines, which Prince Charles had captured in the preceding month; and he also made himself master of a great quantity of military stores, which the Austrians had brought with them on their Silesian campaign. The reconquest of Leignitz, on the 25th of December, completed the fruits of Frederick's victory at Leuthen—Silesia was once more Prussian; and the Court of Vienna, which had believed that province to be fully restored to the House of Hapsburg, and which thought that the war was on the point of closing with the utter ruin of the House of Brandenburg, saw all its projects scattered to the winds, and its hated foe, Frederick, as strong and as determined, as he had been when he first seized Silesia.

There were five more years of war after Leuthen. They were marked by many vicissitudes of fortune; but Frederick's military genius, and the noble loyalty and self-devotion with which his subjects endured their sufferings, sustained Prussia through them all. The sudden death of the Empress of Russia in 1762 relieved Frederick from the most formidable of his foes. Her successor, Peter III., actually became Frederick's ally; and though this support was of brief duration, owing to Peter's death in the July of that year, the Empress Catharine confirmed the peace which her predecessor had made with Prussia, and observed a strict neutrality during the remainder of the war. Sweden also in the same year retired formally from the contest, in which she had only mingled enough to expose her own altered and enfeebled condition.

On the other hand, during the last years of the war, Frederick was deprived

* "Les Generaux Autrichiens se voyant tournés et pris en flanc, essayèrent de changer de position; ils voulurent, mais trop tard, former une ligne parallèle au front des Prussiens; tout l'art des généraux du Roi consista à ne leur en pas donner le temps." — *Oeuvres Historiques de Frederic II., Roi de Prusse*, Tome IV., p. 165.

of the powerful support which England, under the administration of Pitt, had cordially and effectually given to the Prussian arms. England had aided Frederick not only by liberal subsidies of money, but by sending an English army to Germany, which, under the generalship of Frederick's pupil in the art of war, Prince Ferdinand, and in combination with the troops of Hanover and Brunswick, defended Frederick's flank on the East, and gloriously drove back the armies of France in some of the most eventful periods of the war. But on George III.'s accession to our throne in 1760, Pitt's authority in council, which had hitherto been paramount, began sensibly to decline. Lord Bute, who at this time had complete influence over the young King of England, disliked the King of Prussia, and was opposed to Pitt's bold schemes of conquest, especially to the measures with which Pitt wished to anticipate the hostility of Spain. Pitt obtained intelligence of a convention between the Spanish Bourbons and the French Bourbons in August 1761, by which Spain was bound to declare war against England in the following May, unless England should in the meanwhile have made peace with France. Pitt urged his colleagues, at the English council-board, to baffle this treacherous enmity of Spain by at once declaring war against her. His preparations were made to "smite at once the whole family of Bourbon." He was over-ruled in council, and resigned on the 5th of October, 1761. His successors in office were compelled in the following year to undertake the Spanish war, but at far less advantage than would have been the case if England had struck, when Pitt called for the blow. But still Spain suffered severely in the contest in which she had unwisely and unjustly interfered, and during the year 1762 lost Manilla and the Havannah to the English arms.

But the British Court wished for peace, and the reverses of France had been such, that the cabinet of Versailles was eager for a cessation of disastrous warfare. Preliminaries of peace were signed at Fontainebleau on the 22nd of November, 1762, between France and Spain on the one part and England and Portugal (which had been attacked by the Spanish and aided by the British arms) on the other. Austria also now despaired of wresting, single-handed, Silesia from the Prussian king; and conferences were opened at Hubertsburg, a castle of the Elector of Saxony, situate on the road between Leipsic and Dresden.

The final treaty of peace between France, England, Spain, and Portugal was signed at Paris on the 10th of February, 1763; and the treaties between the King of Prussia and the Empress Maria Theresa, and between him and the Elector of Saxony, were signed at Hubertsburg on the 15th of the same month. By the treaty of Paris France ceded to England Canada and its dependencies and Cape Breton. Spain ceded Florida. The French were also bound by the treaty of Paris to withdraw their troops from Hanover, and from other parts of Germany which they to some extent still occupied.

The treaties of Hubertsburg contain little more than stipulations for the mutual evacuation of countries and towns taken or occupied during the war. Not a foot of land in Europe changed owners; though, according to the calculations of Frederick himself, the Russians had sacrificed 120,000 men, the Austrians 140,000, France 200,000, the English and their allies 160,000, the Swedes 25,000, the German circles, 28,000, and the Prussians 213,000, in the war. But the Seven-Years' War in Germany, though the map of Europe showed no marks of it, was far from being a drawn game. The kingdom of Prussia, which had striven against such fearful odds and had not fallen, was justly regarded as victorious.

The result of the Seven Years' War established the independence of Prussia and her position as a first-class member of the European State system. The further steps, by which she advanced to her present condition of colossal power, may be briefly indicated.

Her robberies of Poland, by joining in the successive partitions of that unhappy country in 1772, 1793, and 1795, gave Prussia an increase of territory of more than 35,000 square miles, and an increase of population amounting to between four and five millions.

In 1806 she entered into a war with France under Napoleon I., in which she sustained dreadful defeat. She was obliged to accept the terms of peace dictated to her by her conqueror, at Tilsit, by which she was strip of nearly half her territory, and reduced for some years to the condition of a third-rate power. But this season of adversity, bitter as it was, and irreparable as it appeared to be at the time, was the main cause of the enormously increased strength, which Prussia has attained and is attaining in our own days. The profound national humiliation of Prussia between 1805 and 1813, the

rapacity and the contempt, with which she was treated by the victorious French, the sense of spoliation and of personal insult, which was brought home to every Prussian household during those seven years of woe, made the military spirit thenceforth the spirit of the whole population. Every Prussian then learned, and no Prussian has ever forgotten

"The moral lesson sternly taught."

that for a State to escape oppression it must be independent; that to be independent it must be strong; and that in order to be effectively strong it must not merely possess the elements of strength, but it must have those elements ever ready for use in extensive and elaborate military organization. Perhaps this lesson is to be thoroughly learned only by suffering. The maxim that

Παθόντα δει μαθετείν

may apply to nations as well as to individuals. Yet surely the wise may take warning to some extent by the sufferings of others, or else history is written and read to little purpose.

Prussia, in the time of her extreme adversity, had statesmen who with equal energy and sagacity devoted themselves to prepare her restoration. Scharnhorst was her minister of war. Napoleon had bound Prussia down by treaty to maintain no more than 42,000 troops. But Scharnhorst, without ever exceeding the stipulated number, introduced and quietly kept up the system of dismissing each levy as soon as it was sufficiently trained, and of then replacing it by fresh recruits from among the youth of the nation, who in turn, after a limited period of service, retired and made room for others. By these means, when Prussia took up arms against Napoleon in the war of German independence in 1813, she had, not merely 42,000, but nearly five times that number of discipline soldiers ready for action, besides the volunteers who started forward to rescue and avenge their fatherland. At the same time the Prussian statesmen, Stein and Hardenburg, were engaged in those measures for increasing the numbers, and for

improving the condition of the agricultural population, which have already been referred to.*

After the double overthrow of Napoleon by the Allies, Prussia, by the treaties of Vienna in 1815, regained her old territory, and also obtained large accessions, partly at the expense of Saxony and Sweden, and partly on the Rhine. Her total area was now 107,000 square miles; being considerably more than double what it was at the accession of Frederick the Great.

This giant-power made giant's strides to greater power by the Danish War in 1864, and by the Seven Weeks' War in 1866 against Austria and the Germanic States, which were Austria's allies in that contest. Prussia then annexed to herself the duchies of Sleswig Holstein, the duchy of Nassau, the kingdom of Hanover, the electorate of Hesse Cassel, the landgraviate of Hesse Homburg, as integral parts of her own territory. This made Prussia a compact state of 137,000 square miles, with a population of nearly 23,000,000. The Seven Weeks' War caused also the creation of the North German confederacy, with Prussia as its dominant power, and with all the troops of the Federation forming one army under the command of the Prussian King. The area of the whole territories of the Federation exceeds 160,000 square miles: the collective population amounts to nearly 30,000,000.

Still mightier augmentations of the power of Prussia appear to be approaching, as the inevitable results of the great and terrible war which now is being waged:

Tu de πάντα Θεῖν ἐν γόνιοι κεῖται.

* There is a remarkable passage in "Caesar's Commentaries" (cited by Sir Archibald Alison, vol. viii., p. 238), which shows that this system of keeping up the military power of a nation by giving all its youth a military training by reliefs, and by also attending to its agricultural interests, was practised among the most warlike nations of the ancient Germans:

" Suevorum gens est longè maxima et bellicosissima Germanorum omnium. Illi centum pagos habere dicuntur, ex quibus quotannis singula milia armatorum, bellandi causa ex finibus educunt; reliqui, qui domi manserint, se atque alios alunt. Illi rursus invicem anno post in armis sunt, illi domi remanent. Sic neque agricultura, nec ratio atque usus bellii intermittitur."

FOUR of the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky have been brought to the Dublin Zoological Gardens by Dr. Mapother, and are living there in perfect health. Their

transparency and want of colour, as well as the total absence of visual organs, render them very remarkable and interesting creatures.

Athenaeum.

From The Athenaeum.

LIFE IN PARIS.

[Par Ballon Monté.]

PARIS, Oct. 17.

THE post-office balloons have, we believe, all reached their destination, to the great vexation of the enemy: that in which M. Rane left the other day had two shells fired at it while passing over Champaigny; it escaped harm, but the shells killed one Mobile, and severely wounded two others who were practising at the target in a field near Adamville.

It is announced by the Government that all the pictures, tapestry, and other works of art, and objects of curiosity, were brought into Paris from the Château of Saint Cloud before the investment; amongst the works of art were Pradier's "Sappho," and the statue of "Night," by Collet. The Murillo had, it seems, been returned to the Louvre, whence it never ought to have been removed, in August last. The building of the *Institut* is being protected by the same means as were applied to the Louvre and other establishments, the embrasures of the windows and other parts being filled with sacks of earth; the vaults beneath are large and airy, and in these are deposited the most valuable books, manuscripts, and curiosities belonging not only to the *Institut* but also to the *Bibliothèque Nationale*.

The present war has brought to memory some curiosities of literature: amongst the rest one of Joseph de Maistre's paradoxes, to the effect that at certain times a great war is indispensable for the regeneration of nations, whose civilization and life are saved thereby; and as commentary on this it is said that there never were so few quarrels as at the present moment, that suicide is unheard of, and the Morgue empty! Logically, the major has swallowed the minor; that is all.

In one month nearly twenty new papers have been started in Paris, most of them of the ultra class and published at one *sou*; one of them appears four times a day. Six, if not more, are already defunct. The new Government has decreed the liberty of the press, but this does evidently not include that of press men, for M. E. Portalis, of the *Vérité*, is now a prisoner in the Conciergerie, as he says in a letter, "in a cell which held Tropmann, and between two assassins," for asking some awkward questions relative to Lyons and the Orleans princes, and is to be tried before a Council of War for having circulated false news, tending to provoke disobedience to the

laws and civil war. No government can, of course, allow violent attacks to be made upon it with impunity, at such times as these; but to lock a journalist up in the Conciergerie is scarcely compatible with freedom of the press or any other freedom. M. Jules Simon is determined, if possible, to push forward the work of education in spite of the war. He has for years worked hard for the improvement of female education, and he now proposes to the Maire of Paris to found at once normal schools for the instruction of both male and female teachers of private schools. It appears that there are ten departments in France in which there are no such schools, and that the metropolitan department is one of the ten. As to normal schools for female teachers, there are but nine in all France; the Sisters, who, ignorant as many of them are, are alone allowed to teach without undergoing examination and obtaining diplomas, have nearly the whole of the female primary schools in their hands. This, of course, is utterly opposed to M. Jules Simon's views, and he will alter it if possible.

The Academics continue to hold their regular meetings; at that of the Academy of Inscriptions, held some days since, M. Egger related some researches he had made respecting the Optics of Ptolemy; he found in a papyrus brought from Egypt by M. Mariette some passages in Greek concerning the question of optics; and there exist in the library (of the Institut?) some Latin manuscripts containing passages translated from Syrian, which make mention of similar questions. Lastly, in the Ambrosian Library of Milan similar passages have been found in the works of P. Ventura. M. Egger has not been able to find a trace of this text in the four books of the Optics of Ptolemy, and believes they must belong to the first book, which is not known to be in existence. He appeals to *savants*, who, he hopes, by comparing Latin and Syrian texts, will be able to clear up this obscure point in the history of science.

Conferences and meetings are beginning to be held again in aid of the war and the sufferers from it; one is now held every Wednesday at the Sorbonne; at the first of these M. Boutteville gave a discourse on free education and schools for the children of the defenders of Paris; and Dr. Bertillon addressed ladies who had devoted themselves to ambulance service on the first measures to be taken for the relief of the wounded.

The *École des Beaux Arts* recommences

its courses in all the classes, and opens its library and *ateliers* to-day.

It is an excellent sign that the Parisians are finding a little of their gaiety again. The writers in the popular journals are, of course, the chief *providers*. Two of these gentlemen visited an outpost the other day, when a few Prussians came in sight of the loopholes at which they were stationed; they begged to be allowed to have a shot each, which they obtained, and were going off thinking little more about it, when a man called out, "Here! I've got your Prussian!" and then they found out that they had actually killed a man, but which of them did it nobody could possibly say; they were both impressed with two opposite sentiments, and were at a loss whether to claim the honour of having fought in defence of the country, or to sink under the imputation of having committed murder.

The number of hospital-beds is, fortunately, far larger than the number of wounded, and this gives rise to many jokes; one ambulance is actually kept open, it is declared, by spoiling the only patient in it with good things, and so retarding his convalescence. A lady meets a friend in the street and says, "Ah! you are an officer; I hope if you are wounded you will come to my ambulance?"— "Very sorry, Madame, I cannot oblige you, but I am booked six deep already." Ambulance work is not so much to the taste of some ladies as that of the *vivandière*. A well known actress offered her services as *cantinière* to a volunteer corps: "Are you married?" was the first question.—"Mon Dieu! non!" And now she dines at Brebant's daily, with an infirmary apron on. Hospital anecdotes are plentiful. A young Mobile had his leg broken, and it was set by a terribly slow practitioner; when the job was done and the surgeon's back turned, the Mobile said to his next bed-neighbour, "I have got a ball in my back, too, but I was not going to tell him; il m'a trop embêté."

The Brittany men are dreadfully shocked at some things in Paris: several of them the other day stood, almost with tears in their eyes, opposite a hideous caricature of the Pope; a gentleman saw at a glance what was the matter, bought all the copies of the print, and immediately tore them into fragments.

The following is original of its kind:—A

patient of Dr. Blanche, the famous physician of the insane, having recovered, asked permission to write to his family: "Make haste, then," said the doctor, "for the balloon starts to-morrow."—"The railway you mean, surely, doctor?"—"Ah! I had forgotten to tell you that since you were ill Paris is besieged and cut off from all communication." The poor man turned fearfully pale: "I thought I was cured and you tell me such stories as this!" Dr. Blanche was compelled to take his patient to the fortifications to prevent a relapse.

Here is a rampart story: A Zouave was determined to visit his *fiancée*, and got out without accident, but on his return was seen and fired at, but not hit; the gunners in Fort Issy, hearing the firing, began throwing shells; and Fort Vanvres followed the example. The enemy is said to have suffered severely, all because a Zouave went to see his sweetheart at Meudon.

The Mobiles do their best to make their encampments gay; some of the huts are covered with comic inscriptions, such as "Wanted a good cook; she must know how to take care of children"—"No Prussians admitted; the *concierge* is on the first floor"—"Wanted a maid-of-all-work," &c. On the Boulevard des Batignolles a regular concert is established, which opens every evening between seven and nine o'clock; the *impresario* and conductor is an old pupil of the Conservatoire, a comic singer as well as a musician; another performer was lately a singer at the El Dorado, and rouses the audience into enthusiasm with the "Cri de Vengeance." At the termination of the performance, a collection is made for the wounded. Over the cooking-place of one corps hangs a fine cat-skin, with the inscription "Au bon lapin-sauté."

Horse beef gives rise to hundreds of jokes:—"It is proposed to tax horse-flesh! By the hour or by the distance?"—"Horses were formerly stimulated by the spur, now it is by mustard"—"Garçon! un chapon au gros sel"—"Garçon! un filet de cheval sans sel." Comic definitions and dictionaries have long been the rage; here are two of the present moment: "Fusil—une arme que font partir les braves, et qui fait partir les poltrons!"—"Mitrailleuse—Un ogre (orgue) de barbarie!"

From The Saturday Review.
THE PROPOSAL FROM THE LADY'S POINT OF VIEW.

UNTIL woman's rights are put upon an advanced footing it is evident that a matrimonial engagement must constitute a more supreme and pre-eminent event in a woman's life than in a man's. The time may come when, engrossed in business or professional affairs, a woman may class her marriage among the minor episodes of her career; its higher and more memorable interests clustering round successes and trials of a public nature — her great cause, her first operation, her maiden speech. But hitherto it is not so, and therefore all that concerns this central event in woman's life is recognized by the female novelist as her special sphere. We know this from the mode in which the proposal, with all that gathers round it and leads up to it, stimulates her powers. Every student of these scenes feels it, naturally, to be of less import that the hero should acquit himself with distinction than the heroine. It is her opportunity; her words, her actions, everything that evidences her emotions should prove the presence of feminine perfections, if timidity prevents their distinct expression. In the man we tolerate awkwardness, audacity, even bad taste; but in her we can endure nothing that outrages the ideal. It is her hour; she must not come short of its demands. And to the demands of the occasion the female novelist is especially alive. We perceive a collecting of all her powers, a concentration of the spirits, a quickening sympathy as the proposal nears the keen encounter. The touch of mind with mind, of heart with heart, is interesting to her in a particular sense. It is the heroine's hour; she recognizes it also as her own. She feels that she holds the clue in her hands; it is the moment when her thoughts are stronger, her perception more sensitive, her instincts acuter than in her rival — man the author. We have a pathetic instance of this in the life of Miss Austen, who finished *Persuasion* in declining health. She did not bring about the re-engagement of Anne Eliot and Captain Wentworth to her mind, "and went to rest in very low spirits in consequence." It was terrible, no doubt, to fail her heroine at such a crisis. But under the stimulus of the occasion her powers rallied before morning; she cancelled the condemned chapters — which, however, every lover of her works must long to see, believing her rejected pages still better than most other writers' best — by a final effort

raised herself to the dignity of her theme, and satisfied herself and, we need not say, all her readers. Nevertheless, though we consider the proposal woman's speciality, yet we suspect she caught the manner from man. The first treatment of the subject according to the modern ideal is to be found in Sir Charles Grandison. In fact Richardson's genius was of the feminine type. In the scenes we refer to he writes from the woman's point of view; he triumphs in the number, the social importance, and the importunate constancy of his heroine's lovers. She is mistress of the art of rejecting, whether with spirit or with compassionate grace. Sir Charles walks the stage, Harriet Byron acts. We are lost indeed in a perfect labyrinth of punctilio and decorums when the two are brought together, and cannot get along for the delicacy of all parties — delicacy of both genders — "for female delicacy is more delicate than man's can be"; Sir Charles's share of this quality prompting him to make his offer first to the lady's grandmother, then as a great favour to beg a quarter of an hour's personal interview in the presence of the same grandmamma and aunt, for "neither Miss Byron nor I can wish the absence of two such parental relations," and all along to affect suspense and fears when we have known her to be in love with him through seven volumes, and if there was anything he might be sure of in this world it was that Harriet Byron was ready to have him. She has to cap all this with her superior female delicacy, and does so; and yet there transpire natural touches, little traits and turns, which keep the reader's sympathies alive. When she shuts herself up in her closet at the moment of his arrival, and her aunt, newly introduced to the "man of men," seeks her out to bring her into his presence — hinting "My, love, you will appear to the finest man I ever saw in my life very particular" — we understand the twitter of her feelings, her "dejection," the pain of pleasure after long trial, the satisfaction that peeps out now she is sure of him, whatever Lady Clementina says or does, "if I don't misbehave." We are glad she shows enough of the real princess to pick a little hole even in Sir Charles's propriety. "He led me to my seat and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently lest he should think me precise, but as there were so many persons present I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison." Many leaves must be turned over before we arrive at the page where capital

letters herald the crisis to the reader's glancing eye. "CAN you, madam?" asks he; "I CAN, I DO," says she at length — this private declaration being followed next Sunday by a public one, when he takes her hand at the pew door to lead her out of church.

The conduct of the affair partly justifies Mr. Collins in his view of the truly feminine course on these occasions. A ready acceptance was not yet in vogue; and great credit is given to Harriet for a freedom from affection that allows her to accept Sir Charles when he asks her, without further trial of his or the reader's patience. He does not speak without book when he informs Elizabeth, "I am not now to learn that it is usual for young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept when he first applies for their favours, and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time;" or again, when he concludes, "I shall choose to attribute yours to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females," Elizabeth's protestation "I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man," concludes a scene which is a satire on a prevailing impression that is to accept at once showed an eagerness not consistent with feminine propriety.

When woman becomes the formal instructress of her sex, this topic very properly receives didactic treatment. Miss Edgeworth is great here. In *Patronage* she teaches the girl of eighteen what reply she is to make to her first offer. "To this first declaration of love (from the fascinating Buckhurst Falconer) Caroline listened with a degree of composure which astonished and mortified her lover. There was none of the flutter of vanity in her manner, nor any of the repressed satisfaction of pride. There was in her looks and words only simplicity and dignity. She said that she was at present happily occupied in various ways, endeavouring to improve herself, and that she should be sorry to have her mind turned from these pursuits." This is dignity, a little formal in the wording perhaps, but we like it better than the notion of modesty and feminine coyness drawn in her later heroine Helen, who is too self-conscious to show herself to advantage in the presence of an unengaged young man, and is only betrayed into nature and ease by her friend's figment of a secret attachment elsewhere.

But this coyness of approach towards

the masculine mind which once indicated true feminine reserve, not bearing the test of experiment, has gone out of favour with more modern exponents of the feelings. In its place there is the notion of struggle and intellectual conflict. As the declaration approaches, the lovers, in some ladies' novels, set their teeth for an encounter — a trial of will and strength through which alone a true understanding can be evolved. Miss Brontë first set this fashion. "I see the line which is my limit," is the lady's thought. "Nothing shall make me pass it. My heart may break; if it is baffled, let it break." "We had reached a critical point," notes the gentleman, "and we halted and looked at each other. She would not give in, I felt." "You can tell me, and shall tell me," he cries. "I never will," is the response. If the reader were not turning over the last pages, he might fear what would come of it. This duel of hearts is Miss Brontë's ideal, but she has milder scenes of very peculiar excellence. What pleasant original humour is shown in *Shirley*, where the boy Martin Yorke acquires a new insight into human nature by watching poor unreserved lovelorn Caroline under the agonies of fear for the life of her wounded lover, Moore:—"I suppose she is what they call *in love* with that long thing in the next chamber." And when with delightful ingenuity he has brought the two together, and, Moore making a much needed act of contrition, she takes his thin fingers between her two little hands "et les effleura de ses lèvres," the unspoken contract, with Martin for witness, brings these people together in as distinct and vivid a bond of interest as fiction often achieves. In *Villette* the love-making between Breton and Paulina is easy and graceful, as befits representatives of the elect class exempt from the greater trials of life. The girl in the dim twilight telling of her first love-letter; the confident lover who showed his sanguine temperament by smiling in the agony of suspense; the betrothal, where "Polly" pleads for him with her father — she can take care of them both. "he will be no inconvenience"; the father's gruff submission to the inevitable — all this is told with a reality which we look for in vain where masculine genius winds up the threads of its story. Mrs. Gaskell, remarkable as is her power at a scene, is scarcely great in this direction. In *North and South* the heroine rejects her Manchester lover with spirit enough, but the way they come together at last is ineffective. Mary Barton in the trial scene, where she at length

owns her preference, is somewhat stagy; not only is the scene impossible in fact, which does not very much matter, but the reader scarcely desires it to be true. There is, we remember, a good story in *Ruth* where the faithful servant relates her mode of receiving the addresses of a Methodist preacher, who unfortunately for him chose the time for paying his court when she was engaged in washing the kitchen floor. She felt it to be no occasion for remitting her exertions, but doggedly pursued him with brush and pail as he uneasily shifted from chair to chair so long as a dry spot remained whence to declare his passion. It is a matter of regret that George Eliot's views of woman's mission interfere with her success in this line, which must otherwise have been great. We have not space, and it might be invidious, to review living authoresses who throw themselves with interest into this department of the novel. We make one exception, however, in favour of *Woman's Kingdom*, by Mrs. Craik, the most didactic of modern illustrators of our subject, and who in *Good Words* throws over the old conventional treatment for her view of nature and good sense. Her heroine is a schoolmistress to be sure, which accounts for anything; but what a gulf sixty years have made between the frigidities of Miss Edgeworth and the artless candour, the frank admissions, of her sister-teacher of to-day! Edna receives a love-letter from a worthy man. "Poor Edna!" says her handsome sister. "Rich Edna!" cries her chronicler, "rich in the utmost wealth that heaven can give to mortal man!" "Never, until through the gate of death she should enter on the world everlasting, would there come to her such another hour as that first hour after she read William Stedman's letter."

After all, nobody can discuss this subject without returning at last to Mr. Trollope as its professor. Every novel-reader reads him, and knows that we here touch on his speciality. It is one on which he never ceases to exercise his ingenuity. He speculates and theorizes upon it, and illustrates it by a never-ending variety of examples. Here his fancy is inexhaustible. Realist as he is, it is his delight to divest the scene of its mystery and its terrors. He represents it as easy to make an offer. The difficulty with him is *not* to make one. Sham, illusory proposals constitute the gist even of his flirtations, and play round the real ones. To the boy of twenty it comes as easily and naturally as the exercise of his limbs. "Oh, oh Mary,"

cries Frank Gresham, "do you love me? Don't you love me? Won't you love me? Say you will. Oh, Mary, dearest Mary. Will you? Won't you? Do you? Don't you? Come now, you have a right to give a fellow an answer." And in justification of the easy style as opposed to the poetically-passionate phraseology which indulges, and which within due bounds it is his mission to instil into the language of the affections, he quotes a scene from real life:—

A man cannot well describe that which he has never seen nor heard; but the absolute words of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebeian, or below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding; they were a handsome pair, living among educated people, sufficiently given to mental pursuits, and in every way what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The site of the passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, Miss —, the long and the short of it is this: here I am; you can take me or leave me."

LADY—scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another.—"Of course I know that's all nonsense."

GENTLEMAN.—"Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane; here I am: come, at any rate you can say something."

LADY.—"Yes. I suppose I can say something."

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?"

LADY—very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering work on a wider scale.—"Well, I don't exactly want to leave you."

It is the affluence of his genius in this department that constitutes Mr. Trollope's widest popularity; it is the fact that you cannot open a page anywhere in any number but the chances are you come upon the scent or the fact of an offer. There is abundant matter for critics to admire in his lawyers, parsons, politicians, rustics, bagmen, or whatever other aspect of familiar life he sets himself to delineate and to divest of its conventional dignities; but the circulating library likes him for his straightforward love-making, terminating, in true English fashion, in a proposal. It likes the offer not slurred over, not taken for granted, not shirked, but treated with distinction as the proper decorous conclusion of all that has gone before. He indulges this national turn. In each novel there is something distinctive and memo-

rable in the method, provoking discussion and stimulating to criticism on the only point on which many fair novel-readers have a critical judgment. They take everything else on trust, but they have an opinion as to whether Lily did not lay her heart too open to Crosby, whether she should not have been won over at last by Johnny Eames's constancy; whether it was quite ladylike in Mrs. Bold to box Mr. Slope's ears; whether their pride would have stooped to take Sir John Ball when such a strain was needed to bring him to the point; whether the romance of an offer does not suffer from its being made in a painter's apron while the lady as Jael holds the nail and hammer; whether Mary Thorne was well or ill placed on the donkey which suited Frank Gresham's plans so well; whether the widow Greenow and her two swains, Cheesecacre the Norfolk farmer, and the Captain who poses to her the hills and the valleys, are not too vulgar for anything, and so on; and they appreciate the writer who thus exercises their intelligence accordingly. But compare the most effective of his scenes of this sort with similar efforts from skilled female pens, and it will be acknowledged that one writes from the head, the other from the heart. Still, he is woman's champion, he allows her her moment of pre-eminence, his feelings go with her, and generally give her the best of it. Mr. Trollope is kinder indeed to woman generally than most of his brotherhood, and especially we note to the widow, that mark for masculine satire often as unjust in its assumptions as Weller Senior, who lived in a delusion which makes him the typical victim of her wiles. As an offer the story deserves a place here *in extenso*, while at the same time it disposes of a calumny. The reader may remember that, misled by the splendour of his get-up, the touters at Doctors' Commons assumed that his visit there could have but one object, and succeeded in persuading him that he wanted a licence:—

"And what's the lady's name?" says the lawyer. "My father was struck all of a heap. "Blessed if I know," says he. "Not know?" says the lawyer. "Nor more nor do you," says my father. "Can't I put that in afterwards?" "Impossible!" says the lawyer. "Very well," says my father after he'd thought a moment—"Put down Mrs. Clarke." "What Clarke?" says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. "Susan Clarke Markie of Granby Dorking," says my father. "She'll have me if I ask, I dessay. I never said nothing to her but she'll have me I know." The licence was

made out, and she *did* have him. What's more, she's got him now.

As proposals in the Weller class are subject to another public opinion, and are constantly made vicariously, it is probable that the hostess of the Granby saw nothing worse than an engaging presumption in this proceeding. As in royal contracts, an ambassador is constantly employed in these circles. We have known a man of credit and substance, who felt himself ill-qualified for love-making at first hand, employ the clerk of the Poor-Law Board to sound the object of his choice, as the only dignified official within his reach; but as coyness itself can hardly avoid a flippancy, pardonable under the circumstances, in receiving or rejecting such addresses, we are content that our exhausted space forbids our pursuing this line of our subject further.

From The Spectator.
COUNT VON MOLTKE.

THE immense, and, as it were, self-dependent strength of the Prussian monarchy is shown in nothing so clearly as in the way the Hohenzollerns have maintained the tradition of thriftiness in the bestowal of rewards. They have never had to buy anybody. From first to last, from the first King to the first Emperor, the Sovereigns of Prussia have been exceptionally independent within their dominions,—have been as individuals wealthy, and have followed a bold, far-reaching, and ambitious line of policy. With territories little larger than Holland, and a country far less rich, they claimed and maintained a position among the mightiest potentates of the world, resented the faintest slight to an ambassador, and scarcely acknowledged precedence even in the Emperor of Germany. They have occupied precisely the position which tempts men to spend most lavishly, yet they have maintained for 150 years, through six generations,—in their official policy as in their household management—a tradition of thrift, pushed often to cheapsparing parsimony. One man in the line was a kind of Northern Bourbon, wasting wealth in sterile magnificence and coarse voluptuousness; but he did not break the tradition, and to this hour the Hohenzollerns are served better than any Princes of Europe, and give their servants smaller rewards. Nobody in Prussia is paid anything like the worth of his work. The

whole aristocracy is drawn into the army by salaries which would disgust English bank clerks, while the *élite* of the cultivated, men usually without means, are formed into an effective bureaucracy, and paid less than English clergymen. A General is paid like an English Captain, and a Prefect like a superior clerk, while the majority of the bureaucracy, which initiates and directs and moderates all things in Prussia, which governs in the highest sense of that misused word, are compelled to practise an economy which English Dissenting Ministers or Scotch schoolmasters would deem painful. A rigid, unsparing economy pervades every department, and has so penetrated officials as to become a kind of point of honour, as if waste or even expensiveness were in themselves just a little discreditable. To this hour, the King, who has become by successive accretions of wealth one of the richest princes in Europe — perhaps the richest in personal income — thinks it no shame to send to a city in distress which he keenly desires to conciliate 5,000 thalers, or £750, and would feel genuine surprise if informed that the sum was not very great. In the midst of incessant battles with Parliament for money, the Schloss treasure — £7,000,000 — has never been touched except for war, and the State commences a grand campaign, the greatest of our century, with a loan which London would take up at a bite and forget in a day. The extra amount of public money expended as yet in this war by Germany is not £20,000,000, and though £16,000,000 more were recently asked for, the Departments have found time to reduce the demand to twelve. Part of this economy is due, no doubt, to the practice of levying requisitions, taught by the First Napoleon to Germany; but its main support is a thrift so determined that the plunderers have given up the game in despair, and as a Prussian official once said to the writer, "Our Treasury is not afraid even of a dockyard." This rigour not only continues under the present Administration, but is slightly intensified, "many small peculations having been suppressed," and pushed in some departments almost into cruelty. The Prussian hospital service, for example, is penurious to an unjust degree. There are not enough surgeons, no comforts are allowed, not even hospital clothes, men with broken limbs still wearing their cheap rough uniforms. Quinine, chloral, good wine, everything that costs money, is always, the international surgeons report, wanting, and the disuse of chloroform is partly due

to a dislike for an expense which a little more "fortitude" in the victims of war would render needless. No General, however high, makes a fortune; Baron von Dreyse receives a modest wage, and we doubt if St. Joseph Whitworth would reckon Krupp as rich. The State in Prussia accepts your services, it does not buy them, and yet those services are exceptionally well rendered. There is not, so far as we know, an instance in Prussian history of a State servant having been rewarded as Marlborough was, or Wellington, or even Lord Hardinge or Lord Dalhousie. A sum was voted after Sadowa to the King to distribute among his highest servants; but Count Bismarck, who had given Prussia the supremacy of Germany, received only an estate large indeed in acreage, but not worth £50,000 in open market; and Baron von Moltke still less, a sum, if we remember rightly, of about £15,000.

Nor is this chariness of money made up by any lavishness of honours or carelessness in social discipline. The King is in the last resort master of every man, and accounts have been published, obviously correct, of the great Chancellor's dangers from a group of legitimist old ladies, who constantly by their influence with the King thwarted his best-laid plans. If the world is not utterly misinformed, he has had to resign once or twice, and even now he remains just what he was, Count Bismarck Schönhausen, — master in one way of the world, but hopelessly unable to contend with the stern old officer who is indebted to him for supremacy in Europe, for a position which fulfils the dreams of German legend-makers, and might make Frederick the Great leap under his stone shroud with exultation — chief among the statesmen of Europe, but still the "faithful servant of my august" and not very intellectual "master." It was widely rumoured after Sadowa that Count Bismarck would receive the little enclave which is still, we believe, kept in some way separate from Prussia, and would be Duke of Lauenburg, but Prussians only smiled at the report. He serves the Hohenzollerns, they said, not Napoleon; and so it proved. Honour enough to him that the King accepts his advice. The routine observed towards the Chancellor is intelligible — for after all he only makes history — but we confess, fully as we had recognized the policy of the great German dynasty in this matter of rewards, the cold thrift of honour as well as money which makes every star so valuable — we have felt a faint surprise at the measure meted out to Von Moltke.

He wins campaigns. He is the greatest in the field which the King best knows. The precise place which General von Moltke will hold in military history is still perhaps uncertain. He has never yet, either in 1864, or in 1866, or in 1870, been opposed to a reasonably good tactician, an equal army, or a formidable strategist. Beating the Danes, when they had only muskets, was poor work; and Benedek, perhaps hampered by secret instructions, proved but a feeble opponent; while in France he has never met a strategist of any sort, and only once a General. We rather think, writing only as observant civilians, that on that occasion he was defeated, and that August 16 should be credited to Marshal Bazaine, who, had he had but powder, would have retained the honours of the day. But generalship must be judged by its results, and judging by results, no Sovereign ever had such a servant as General von Moltke, who, having first reorganized an Army in which no soldier had ever seen a shot fired, having formed a school of generals and remade the scientific services, so guided that army as in a campaign of seven weeks to strike down the Austrian Empire, and then in a campaign of three months to subjugate the greatest of military monarchies. So far as close and scientific observers can detect, General von Moltke has been in this tremendous campaign the Providence of the German Army, has planned everything, foreseen everything, has never thrown away a life, and never missed a spring. His single brain has been worth a hundred thousand men, worth all Napoleon was to the French Army, and on his seventieth birthday the King of Prussia makes his mighty General a Count, promotes him one step in the social hierarchy, — as it were in recognition *en passant* of sound advice lent to him — the King — in his management of the war. A few days afterwards he makes two Princes of his own blood who, doubtless have fought well and succeeded, but who are nevertheless only efficient instruments in von Moltke's hands Field-Marshal, the superiors in the military hierarchy of the genius who has thus led them to victory and empire. In that realm of thought which of all others he understands,

in the very moment of supreme triumph, with his whole soul subjected to the advice which yet he will not reward, the greatest Prince in the world coldly and deliberately prefers to the claim of genius that of blood, and signifies to mankind that if his Generals master earth, they remain his family servants still.

There is something galling to men who believe that the tools should go to the workmen in such a distribution of honour, but while we protest, we are not blind to the strength manifest in such acts. They show that the terrible weakness of all new Governments, the necessity of buying support, is absent from the Prussian Monarchy. The State, and the King as its representative, have no need to conciliate any individual, not even the man who seems to work out victory as if it were a problem in the Calculus. He is bidden to work it out, and what higher inducement could there be? Had a Republic employed Von Moltke, it must have dreaded his ambition. Had he served Napoleon, Napoleon must have loaded him down with honours, and wealth, and territories, have filled him fat with spoil to bind him to his side, and even then must have dreaded in him a rival, a foe, or a successor. The King quietly admires and trusts. He has no need to bribe. He can be endangered by no rival, threatened by no enmity, undermined by no individual opponent. He is there, master by right of birth, in victory as in defeat too strong for even the semblance of hostility, as far beyond assault as if his power were self-derived, able to acknowledge aid, or to reward high service, or to abstain from rewarding them, and sure, whichever he does, to be held to have acted as became a King. If he hangs up his worn-out sword in the place of honour, lo! what a gracious King; if he flings it away, lo! what a master of the severest statecraft. Von Moltke has done his duty, and what can King say more? It is difficult to read of this Countship without a slight feeling of contempt for such niggardliness in the bestowal even of honours, or without a deep respect for the organization which is so strong that it need scarce be just to a soldier at whose name the fighting world grows pale.

SIGNOR CARLO NAVONE, the engineer, publishes at Turin a "Plan for a Submarine Passage across the Straits of Messina," with maps,

drawings, &c., for the purpose of uniting the Sicilian railway system with the main lines of the Italian Peninsula.

Athenaeum.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
RUSSIA, PRUSSIA, AND THE POLES.

THE newspapers of Russia and Prussia, which up to the beginning of the present war were never tired of repeating that the Polish nationality is a political nuisance the extirpation of which would be a benefit to the world, seem now to think that the Poles may be of some use after all. A short time ago we published an analysis of a remarkable article in the *Moscow Gazette* which recommended Russia to seek the assistance of the Poles for its protection against Prussia; and since then several Berlin papers have seriously maintained that the only real friend of the Poles in Europe is Germany, and that it is to her alone that they must look for the recovery of their independence. If we are to believe the Berlin correspondent of the *Kray*, a Polish paper published at Cracow, Count Bismarck wished to persuade the Poles that he holds the same view. This correspondent quotes a conversation between the Count and a Pole of Galicia, in which the former is represented as having stated that a war between Russia and Prussia is only a question of time; that "after securing her position on the Rhine, Prussia must take up the cause of the Baltic provinces;" and that, "in order to be free to labour at her internal development, Prussia must re-establish Poland as a separate State between herself and Russia." According to a letter in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, however, Count Bismarck tells the Russians a very different story. The *Gazette* of the 8th inst. publishes, from a source whose trustworthiness it guarantees, a report of a conversation between the Count and "a Russian citizen." This

time it is stated that the Count declared the Baltic provinces "would be of no use to Germany, and only bring on her the eternal hostility of Russia," adding, with a characteristic touch of sarcasm, that "the Baltic barons would probably not like the Prussian Constitution with Lettish and Esthonian electors." As to Poland, the *Gazette* reports Count Bismarck to have observed that Germany would go hand in hand with Russia. These reassuring statements do not, however, seem to meet with much credit in the Russian press, which is pretty unanimous in demanding more material guarantees for the protection of Russia from German aggression. *Sudební Wiesnik*, a paper the general tone of which is very friendly to Germany, proposes that Russia should be compensated for Prussia's acquisitions by the cession to her of Memel and the right bank of the Niemen — a suggestion which has raised a storm of indignation in the German press. A Hamburg journal, the *Borsenbühle*, expresses itself very strongly on this proposal, declaring that it would be impossible for Germany to cede an inch of German soil to any foreign Power. To this the *Moscow Gazette* retorts that the only reason why Russia refrains from asking for any such acquisitions is that she does not wish to give an example of a policy of conquest, which should now be given up by all civilized nations. This is certainly quite a new sentiment for a Russian paper, and is the more creditable to the *Moscow Gazette*, as it is only a few months ago that it published the famous articles of General Fal dieyeff, openly urging Russia to make war on Austria as a preliminary to the acquisition of Constantinople.

EFFECTS OF THE POISON OF HEMP.—PROFESSOR H. C. WOOD describes in the *Proceedings of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia*, vol. xi., No. 82, the effects of extract of hemp on the system. The dose taken was an ounce and a half of the powdered leaves, heated with hot alcohol, and evaporated, making from 20 to 30 grains of the poison. No effect was felt for about two hours and a half, when the mind was suddenly thrown into a trance-like state, which was followed by great hilarity, and the appearance of alcoholic intoxication. The pulse then reached 120, and afterwards increased to 136, and spells of partial oblivion and unconsciousness succeeded, apparently of enormous duration, but in reality lasting at first not many

seconds. These periods became longer and more frequent, accompanied by an oppressive and intense feeling of impending death. Even the next day, after a night's sleep, these paroxysms returned, and were attended with partial anaesthesia. The plants from which the extract was made were grown in Kentucky, and were of the same kind as that so largely used in India for producing a sort of intoxication. This Indian hemp has been thought to differ from the plant grown in Europe for the sake of its fibre, but Prof. Wood believes them to be of the same species; but the summers in England are not sufficiently warm to produce any quantity of the peculiar resinous body in which resides the narcotic and intoxicating property.